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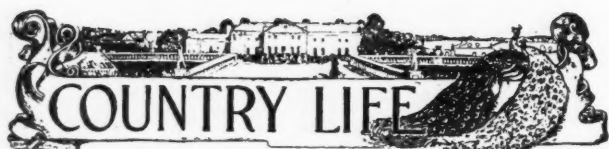
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LAFAYETTE,

THE HON. VIOLET VIVIAN.

Dublin.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Hon. Violet Vivian ...	65, 66
The New Prime Minister ...	66
Country Notes ...	67
Henley Royal Regatta. (Illustrated) ...	69
Polo Notes ...	70
On the Green ...	71
From the Pavilion ...	71
A Bird's-eye View ...	72
Constable's Drawings. (Illustrated) ...	73
A West Country "Small Holding" ...	74
In the Garden ...	76
Lady Home's Poultry. (Illustrated) ...	77
Gardens Old and New: Chastleton House. (Illustrated) ...	80
The Dignity of the Suits ...	89
Books of the Day ...	90
The Essex Amateur Trotting Club. (Illustrated) ...	92
Wild Country Life ...	93
Lord Methuen's Home. (Illustrated) ...	94
Racing Notes ...	95
Correspondence ...	95

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THE NEW PRIME . . MINISTER

NO statesman has at any time retired from public life with greater honour than does the Marquess of Salisbury. For half a century he has cut a great and stainless figure in politics. He has enjoyed the confidence of his followers, the respect of his opponents, and the recognition of foreign contemporaries. But it has been frankly recognised that the time for his retirement had arrived. He has passed the three score years and ten which the Psalmist allotted to human life, and no one reaches that age without knowing what loss and affliction mean. The death of the Sovereign under whom his genius had developed marked the emergence of the country into a new era, and the loss of Lady Salisbury, who had for so long been his treasured companion, was a warning of time's flux and change. His own health has not been so robust as to cause him to forget his age. But he stuck to his post not only till the ship of State had passed out of dangerous waters, but till it had actually entered the haven of peace. The plaudits that welcomed Lord Kitchener home were still ringing in our ears when the nation was advised that "a well-graced actor leaves the stage." But he carries with him to retirement the good wishes and affection of the country he has served so long, and no sooner was the announcement made than tributes of praise began to flow from the foreign Press. Yet in the first moment of regret no one fully recognises all that we have lost. Not only was Lord Salisbury a wise and moderate counsellor, but his eloquence was touched with a wit none of his contemporaries could equal. This country has not before had so clever a Prime Minister. He was the most brilliant of

Saturday Reviewers in the palmiest days of that famous periodical, and the same wit that enlivened its pages illumined his speeches in the House of Lords. It is true that time took away a certain bitterness that belonged to the energy of youth. The Lord Salisbury of later days was indeed the Lord Robert Cecil of earlier years, he who apologised to the attorney, but only as the weather-worn rock is the same as the gay sapling.

It was inevitable that other changes in the Ministry should accompany that of the Premier. The Conservatives have been in office now with very slight breaks for well-nigh twenty years, a period during which it usually happens that the vicissitudes of general elections afford abundant opportunity for the rearrangement of portfolios. But the prolonged spell of power, though on the whole beneficial to the nation and leading to the consolidation of its forces, has not been favourable to the introduction of young blood. We may, therefore, expect one great change to be followed by several others. It will, however, be a cause of regret that the first voluntarily to announce his retirement should be Sir Michael Hicks Beach. Luckily no question can possibly arise as to the Chancellor or of the Exchequer's utter loyalty to Mr. Balfour. His expressions are those of affection, and he is ready to prove them by delaying a withdrawal that has been determined on for the last two years. Nothing but regret will be felt on account of a resolution that springs from purely private reasons. It is another reminder that although the movement has been an imperceptible gliding rather than a revolution, we have moved on into other times. Queen Victoria had good and faithful servants, who discharged their duties well, but her death not only synchronised with the passing of a century, but with the beginning of a new era. Lord Rosbery was undoubtedly right when he proclaimed that the problems of the nineteenth century were either solved or dead, that the old shibboleths and old programmes no longer avail, and that the party of the future will be that best equipped to grapple with the questions that the future is developing. We might almost describe the old days as parochial, the new as Imperial. Instead of questions of land and franchise the Parliaments of to-morrow will have to deal with the destiny of nations and the commerce of a world. Yet it has all come about gently and quietly, and no rude breakage of old ties is necessary to meet the new requirements. Our system of government fortunately ensures that the past and present will be dovetailed, the veteran charged with experience and the beginner with youth's energy. Only a slight alteration here and there is necessary to keep the machine efficient.

It is not in politics as on the stage, where when a fine actor goes off all eyes are "idly bent on him who follows next." On the contrary, the man new to the greatest responsibility is deservedly and thoroughly scrutinised. Mr. Balfour has been an ideal Leader of the House of Commons. Urbane and tactful, he avoids friction, and yet there is not an opponent who does not feel sure that behind his pleasant demeanour there is a gentleman of the old school whose honour is as dear to him as life, and who on every occasion may be trusted to act a part that cannot shame him. He is also in the best sense a man of spirit. The nation will not readily forget that when Sir Redvers Buller was ready to give up the relief of Ladysmith it was he whom some call Miss Arthur who showed a temper of steel and in a manner forced the recalcitrant general to abide by his task. Again, when Russia took Port Arthur it was Mr. Balfour who asserted the standing of this country. And he has the further great advantage of possessing the suffrages of all. Mr. Chamberlain, his alternative in the House of Commons, has shown a loyalty almost affectionate in its zeal, and the Duke of Devonshire has spoken with equal warmth for the House of Lords. Mr. Balfour therefore enters upon his task with all the auspices in his favour. We know, however, that omens are not always to be trusted, and for our own part what we feel inclined to wish the new Premier is simply a fair field and no favour. A certain languor about him has at times seemed to keep him from mastering questions as thoroughly as he might, and opponents have pointed to one or two vagaries in his judgment, but they have mostly referred to the more trivial matters of life. The main thing is that Mr. Balfour has always been best when most on his mettle, and no situation has yet risen for which he has not proved himself equal. In difficult and critical moments there is no living statesman that England as a whole would be so ready to trust. That is very high praise, but it is derived from a past that seems to guarantee the future. We know of no one more thoroughly deserving the confidence of the country.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THIS week we publish a portrait of the Hon. Violet Mary Vivian, who in 1901 was appointed a Maid of Honour to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. She is the sister of the present Lord Vivian of Glyn, and her twin sister, the Hon. Dorothy Maud, is also a Maid of Honour.



It has been announced that unless some unforeseen accident or relapse should occur the Coronation will take place on August 9th. This is a very agreeable reminder that the King has got through his illness in a manner that bears equal testimony to the strength of his constitution and the skill of his physicians. Usually it is calculated that an operation for appendicitis will confine the patient to bed for four weeks. His Majesty's happy recovery ought to go far towards dissipating the stories of his ill-health current for some time past. No one at his years could have got better as soon if there had been other complications of a serious kind. The arrangements for the Coronation, as far as we can at present learn them, appear to make for greater simplicity in the service and pageant, so as to lighten as far as possible the tax on His Majesty's strength. As the 9th is a Saturday, the dislocation of business will be reduced to a minimum. Parliament will not rise till the 12th, so that the presence of legislators will add dignity to the ceremonies.

The King's journey to Portsmouth was very well managed. If the day and hour of his going had been with certainty known it would have been impossible to prevent the gathering of a vast crowd, and the consequent discomfort and probably excitement of His Majesty. But a manœuvre personally directed by Sir Frederick Treves and his colleagues, and carried out by a party of bluejackets, could scarcely avoid being successful. The "Handy-men" lifted up His Majesty's couch and carried it down bodily to the King's Entrance Hall. Then he was borne along a corridor and eventually lifted into an ambulance waggon specially constructed for the occasion. It is fitted with easy springs, rubber-tyred wheels, and blue blinds, and it went along without jolting or discomfort. A busman seems to have detected the movement, and on his giving warning a great crowd assembled at the station, but it was too late. The doors were closed, the King moved off, and the final chapter of the tale is contained in the telegram: "The King boarded the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert shortly after two o'clock." There, at all events, he will be left in peace to gather together strength for the ordeal of Coronation.

"See the conquering hero comes" is a tune to which we are all accustomed now, but it was never sung more heartily than on Saturday last, when Lord Kitchener was welcomed home from South Africa. All the more lustily was it taken up because of the fact known to everybody that the man of the hour never has laid himself out to propitiate the public, and probably cares as little as anyone living for all this adulation. Since going to South Africa he has sent messages home so laconic in their brevity that one doubts if there is any parallel for them. The formula generally ran—so many killed and captured, so many cattle taken, and so forth, so that it became quite natural to call his operations drives and the result our bag. Yet when it came to negotiations the Boers found this unsentimental, resolute, calculating general the most truly sympathetic. That is to say, he grasped their position exactly, and, truth to say, was soldier of fortune enough to understand their feelings. A grim, capable man, thoroughly representative of the sterner side of the British character, he has proved that "thorough" is a better peacemaker than is the policy of killing with kindness.

Lord Rosebery very truly pointed out in the House of Lords on Monday night that the scenes which took place on the resignation of a great Minister are peculiar to a British Parliament. A wholesome feature of our politics is that public differences seldom develop into private dislike, and when occasion arises political opponents are capable of uniting to pay greatness its just tribute. Lord Rosebery himself has always been generous in recognising the merit of his opponents, and he struck quite the right key in linking the name of Lord Salisbury with those of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield as great forest trees cut down to allow the younger shoots to rise to the

sun. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman again admitted that in his dealings with foreign affairs Lord Salisbury "has again and again earned our applause, our approval, and our confidence." It would be difficult to point to a foreign Parliament where the recognition of the virtue of opponents is so frank and fair-minded.

Universal regret is felt at the fate of the celebrated Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice, which occurred with great suddenness on Monday. The cause is not very apparent, although a plausible reason put forward that the severe dredging which has been undertaken at the entrance of the Grand Canal and the Guidacca by causing the earth to slip, may have something to do with it. If this be the case, possibly the Campanile is only the first of the buildings to suffer; others must be equally affected. The event has cast a gloom over Venice. The Campanile, although there was a difference of opinion as to its artistic merits—Ruskin did not care for it, and Sir James Fergusson pronounced it "lean and bald," much as it has interested the great painters from Bellini to Turner—had long been a landmark in the town. It was exactly a thousand years old, since it was begun in 902 under the government of Domenico Tripolo, but subsequently much had been added. Morosini added to it in 1155, and in 1510 Maestro Bueno is said to have reconstructed the belfry. The information in regard to its history, however, is vague. Yet the Venetians had been taught by many generations to love it, and we are told that women wept as they looked on the ruins. Some slight consolation is found in the fact that neither St. Mark's nor the Palace of the Doges was injured.

Lord Dunglass, who at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was married to Miss Lambton on Monday, is perhaps the most popular young nobleman on the Borders. At any rate, no one could be better liked than he is within a wide radius of The Hirsell, the charming property of his family, of which we give some account in another column. Personally he is frank, homely, and accessible, and very fond of all outdoor games. He is the life and soul of the many Coldstream and Berwickshire clubs to which he belongs. Nor could he well have done anything more popular than choose a wife from the equally well-known family of Lambton.

When La Touraine arrived at New York on Sunday the passengers were somewhat astonished to find themselves called upon to reply to an official catechism, of which the following are a few sample questions: "Can you read and write?" "Has your ticket been paid for by yourself?" "Have you ever been in prison or a poorhouse?" "Are you a polygamist?" "Are you a contract labourer?" "Are you deformed or crippled?" "Have you more than thirty dollars?" It is all very well to discourage the alien pauper, but Red Tape has gained far too much of an ascendancy when it demands from first-class passengers information about workhouses and so forth. We are told that a certain type of American official rejoices to put questions of this sort both to foreigners and such of their fellow-countrymen as have had the ill-luck to go abroad. But it is not good policy to take every opportunity of inflicting humiliation.

It is not often that we have to record such a complete change of prospect as has taken place in the farming world during the last few weeks. The alteration dates from Midsummer Day. Up to then the outlook had been extremely dismal. We had experienced the coldest, wettest season since that unforgettably disastrous year 1879, and the gloomiest forebodings prevailed all round. Then came a period of burning heat broken by not unwelcome showers of rain, and the crops thrived again. The hay has already been stacked in enormous quantities and splendid condition in the South, and in the North, though it was not benefited by last week's soaking, the prospects still are good. And from the North comes the welcome tidings that the root crop is as promising as any that can be remembered—free of insect pest and strong of growth. The year, of course, has been one to favour it. The grain crops have everywhere improved vastly under the brilliant sunshine of the last few weeks, and the only anxiety now is lest they should become too heavy and get laid before ripening. With anything like good weather for the next month or so this year should be an exceptionally good one for agriculture.

St. Swithin's Day was the hottest of the year, and, judging by the fact that no cricket matches were interrupted, there does not seem to have been any rain to speak of throughout the British Isles. If there be anything in ancient weather-lore then, we are pretty safe for six weeks of fine weather, which will be a great boon alike to holiday-makers and the farmer. But somewhat ominous news for the latter travels to us across the Atlantic. This is that the corn crop of the United States promises to be almost a record one. In the monthly estimates

the Government anticipates that the exports will be £12,000,000 more than they were in the corresponding month last year, which means ultimately a great fall of prices in this country.

Last year the Midlands and the North had a moderate hay crop, and the South came off very badly, in consequence of the lack of rain. This year the hay crop in the South is exceptionally heavy, and, in spite of severe thunder-showers, has been well saved on the whole. In some parts it is said that the crop is double as heavy as the average, and fully three times as good as last year. It is true that it is a late saved crop, and the hay that is made in July—in the South of England, be it understood—seldom is rich in nourishment; but this year the late making of the hay is a consequence not so much of any delay caused by rain at the time of the grass ripening as of the late starting of the grass by reason of the cold spring. The hay has been saved with all its goodness in it, and is a splendid crop. From parts of Scotland the reports are that there is virtually no hay at all, the cold and late spring having effectually checked the growth of grass. But it was time that the South should have its turn.

Some disappointment has been expressed because Lord Onslow, Sir Willrid Laurie, and Sir E. Barton at the Empire Coronation Banquet let it be known that no immediate or positive results are likely to be expected from the Conference of Colonial Premiers. But for this feeling there is no good reason. In the old political phrase, the question is not yet ripe for settlement. Enough has been gained for the present if popular thought has been turned in the right direction. For the Colonies all at once to suspend their protective duties and have recourse for revenue to direct taxation would cause too much dislocation of finance. Again, it is a moot question whether it is to the advantage of a community to adopt Free Trade while still in the stage of development at which the export of agricultural produce is its stand-by. At any rate, as Carlyle used to say, laws must first be made in the hearts and minds of the people, and the true theory of legislative enactments is that they only formulate and register convictions that the majority have adopted. The meeting of the Premiers has answered its purpose if it has in any degree forwarded education on the point.

AT THE SEASIDE.

There is a murmur—the sea on sands;
O voice of water!
There is a cry from the boat, "All hands!"
"Heave ho!"—they've caught her.

There—happy face of a fisher boy,
Taming a sea-bird;
What is it, then, that they both enjoy,
Unseen and unheard?

There is the sight of the evening sky
When the hot sun sank.
The boat is drawn up high and dry,
The seaweed hangs dank.

The last door shuts, and the lights are out—
Kind voices quiet.
The ways are darkened and none about;
There's naught to sigh at.

L. G.

Major Fremantle's British team for the Palma Centennial Trophy promises well. The competition for inclusion in the team is severe, both in its quality and quantity, for already, amongst many that have sent their names in for the preliminary trials, are some of the best and best-known both of military and civilian rifle shots. Major Bell, of the Welsh "Twenty," will go out with the team as adjutant, and Mr. Davies, of the Victoria and St. George's, who was attached as honorary captain to the Rifle Brigade in South Africa, will act as secretary. As we have noted before, a subscription list is opened to defray the expenses of the team, estimated at over a thousand pounds, and guaranteed by the National Rifle Association. Subscribers are invited to send their offerings to Colonel Crosse, National Rifle Association, Bisley.

They have caught a big fish in the Dee—a "royal" sturgeon as it is called, weighing about 2cwt. and measuring nearly 9ft. long. This is a good fish. Unfortunately he was not caught with rod and line, but was hunted ashore on a sandbank by some of the Dee fishermen, who surrounded him in the water and hustled and frightened him ashore. Since Hiawatha went hunting the king of fishes, this is the best sturgeon story that we have heard. And it appears to be true.

Human nature being what it is, it is not to be doubted that when, and if, Captain Newman of New York, who lately started to cross the Atlantic in a kerosene launch, 36ft. by 8ft., arrives on this side he will be greeted by some people as a hero—which is,

in all probability, his chief object in starting on this trip. His boat, as we understand, is provisioned for sixty days, and it is estimated that he will reach Falmouth in little more than half this time. No one, we may presume, would be disposed to cavil at the value which Captain Newman appears to place on his own life by committing himself to such an enterprise, but what does seem to call for some expression of opinion is the fact that he has taken with him for his companion his son who is aged ten years. It sounds incredible, so incredible that we cannot believe it would have been narrated unless it were strictly true. And this man will, without doubt, be greeted as a hero!

Mr. Val Prinsep has had the distinction of being summoned for allowing a cock to crow in the morning to the inconvenience of his neighbours. He showed a common-sense desire to avoid annoyance, though the said neighbour lived a quarter of a mile from the fowl-house, and the magistrate evinced no desire to harass the artist. But really it is quite possible to keep fowls and prevent them from crowing. All that is needed is a slight string over the neck and fastened to a foot. It is the habit of chattering to throw back his head when crowing, and he will not crow if prevented, as he may be, by the string from doing so. The contrivance has the great merit of inflicting no pain whatever. The bird scarcely knows of the pressure of the string till he tries to crow, and a harmless jerk brings him to order. By this method Mr. Val Prinsep might at once please himself by keeping fowls and avoid annoying his neighbours.

We understand that Mr. Rowland Ward has been lucky enough to acquire the series of eggs of the extinct great auk collected by the late Mr. Champley of Scarborough. The unique markings on several of these eggs constitute a great part of their value. Two of them, by the by, were originally in the possession of Mr. Rowland Ward's father. Since Mr. Champley began collecting these eggs they have risen very considerably in value, and fine examples sell for 300 guineas and over, while even a cracked specimen reached as much at a sale in 1889. It was then stated that only fifty-one great auks' eggs were known to be in existence, and a considerable number of them were in museums.

The Ben Nevis Observatory is evidently doomed unless some generous-minded Scot comes to its aid before October. For twelve years hourly observations have been made and recorded at the Ben Nevis Observatory and at sea-level by the one at Fort William, so that with the dismantling of the former an almost unique set of observations will cease. Until this year the balance lacking for its maintenance, after subscriptions had been paid, was always made up by the London Meteorological Council, but they have intimated that this annual payment is to cease. The observatory is on the highest point in Great Britain, and a toilsome journey it is to the top, by the cart road, by which provisions are sent up, especially in winter, but a visit always repaid the trouble, and Scotland, wet rust, will rise to the occasion and not allow the famous observatory to become an historic ruin.

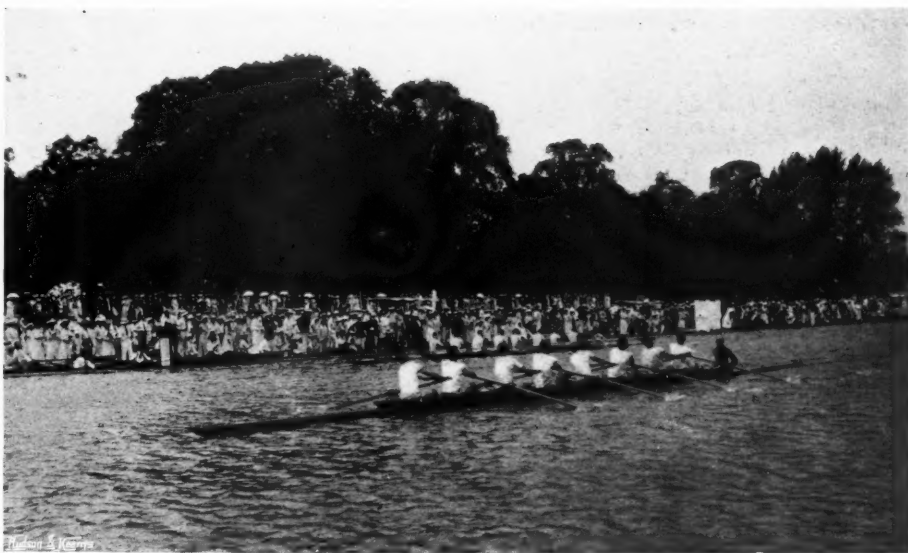
Are frogs fish or game? This is the question that is perplexing the Canadian authorities at present. The Department of Marine and Fisheries find that the exportation of frogs' legs from Canada to the United States has developed into a big business, and that if there is not some restriction made, froggy will soon be a thing of the past in some districts. It is proposed to institute a close season during the month of May, but the problem is who has the power to do so. If frogs come under the category of game, the close season must be fixed by the Provincial authorities; but if they are fish, it is the Dominion authorities that must institute a close season.

If the Marquis de Beauvoir has been correctly reported, it would seem that the French poacher is more accomplished than his English contemporary. The occasion was one which we hope will not be paralleled in England. A deputy, M. Chastenot, has deposited in the Chamber a Bill to grant Sunday gun licences for a franc, and sportsmen not unreasonably conclude that this is in the way of encouraging *la braconnage*. Wherefore a meeting of the Chasseurs l'Oise was held at Chantilly, when the Marquis de Beauvoir described the new methods of the modern poacher. He said "the old hemp cord net had given way to silken cord, the dark lantern to electric lights projected intermittently, and the one horse cart to an automobile." The first two statements may be correct, but we find it hard to believe that the moucher can afford the luxury of a motor-car, even though the Paris fraternity is joined in a huge league with a relief fund for those who are wounded in an affray and another for the payment of lawyers. The preservation of game is more thoroughly done in this country than in France, but it is doubtful if the most successful bird would yield enough to pay the hire of an automobile.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.

ONCE more Henley Regatta, really the most complete holiday of the year for all that part of river-loving London which does not have to toil at the oar, has come and gone, with rather more than its usual allowance of rain, although the first day was one taken out of Paradise and dropped down among men, and with its usual allowance of disappointments. Once more it becomes my pleasant duty to offer a few observations, critical, serious, and light-hearted, upon the water-festival and the racing some days after both have come to an end.

It is pleasant to think, and for that matter to know, that these pictures will be looked at eagerly, although these words may perhaps not be read very carefully, in far parts of the world where sport-loving Englishmen do congregate. Last year I was at Perth, West Australia, when Henley was in progress, and the copy of COUNTRY LIFE relating to it reached me in the ward-room of one of the King's cruisers lying in Simon's Bay. Right well do I remember how glad we were to see all the pictures; how much more

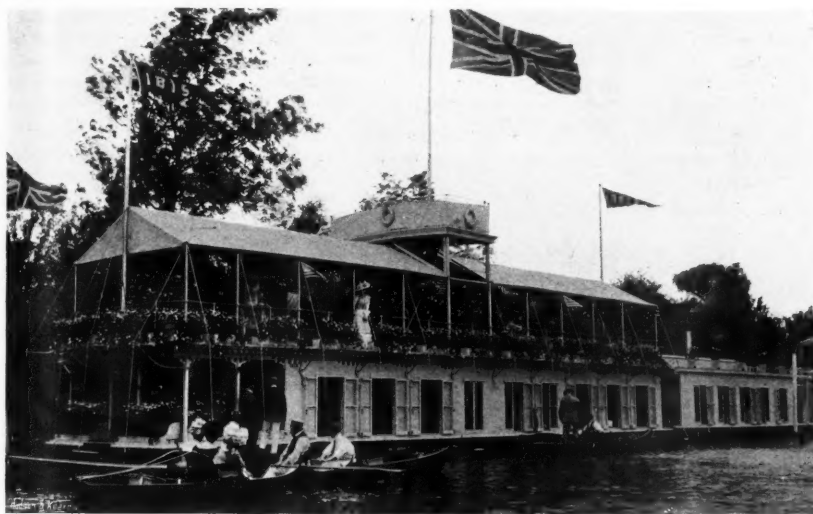


W. A. Rouch.

LEANDER BEATS LONDON.

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But a word or two in something approaching to a serious spirit must be written of the Henley of 1902. I look back to it with a memory of many glorious races, notably that between Mr. F. S. Kelly of Balliol and Mr. R. B. Etherington Smith of Leander for the Diamonds; the plucky struggle made by "the old light blue" of Eton, with the worst station, against University College, Oxford, when the young and perfectly trained crew gave the "head of the river" a really hard tussle from beginning to end and were beaten by but half a length at the finish; the great fight between Third Trinity and the Toronto Argonauts in the fifth heat for the Grand; and the defeat of Mr. Titus of the Union Boat Club of New York by Mr. Kelly in the eighth heat for the Diamonds, which he was eventually to carry off. These results, where Canadian oarsmen met those who were English, and where Oxford got very emphatically the better of New York, are distinctly creditable to English oarsmanship, and there need be no hesitation in saying that they are more satisfactory in that Third Trinity, with an untrained stroke in Mr. Gibbon, who had to be put in at the last moment, won by sheer style. Popular, too, was the victory of Third Trinity over Leander for the Grand in the final, a result which had by no means been anticipated. Altogether it was Third



W. A. Rouch.

MR. KING'S HOUSEBOAT IBIS.

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interesting to us were those which portrayed the scenes and the life on the river than those which spoke merely of racing; and there are a number of pictures here which, I am quite sure, will be very welcome in the far parts of the earth for a like reason. To know that the view from Phyllis Court is as beautiful as ever, to see the pretty and flower-decked houseboats even in black and white, to look upon the representations of the mob of pleasure craft between the races, will be an abiding joy to those who are far away. They bring back the feeling of home. They set bearded men who were once at Eton humming

"Jolly boating weather,
And a hay-harvest breeze,
Blade on the feather,
Shade off the trees";

and altogether, as our friends in the United States are in the habit of saying, they make men feel good, in every sense of the word; for Henley is English to the very heart, and it is always pleasant to be reminded of it; and every hour of those "days of fresh air in the rain and the sun," to quote another school song, ay and of the evenings on the shadowy river gleaming in the soft glow of lamps, is an hour worth living for.



W. A. Rouch.

THIRD TRINITY WINNING THE GRAND.

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W. A. Kouch.

BETWEEN THE RACES.

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Trinity's year out, for they won the Silver Goblets and the Nickalls Challenge Cup, and it was only natural that they should decide to celebrate their victory in time-honoured English fashion by a dinner at Willis's Rooms. To me personally, also, it was cheering to see a crew from Burton-on-Trent, with one Nadin rowing the bow oar and steering, carry off the Wyfold Challenge Cup, for it set me thinking of the late sixties, when rowing flourished amazingly on the Trent, and one Trafford, Nadin and Guy Lathbury, who

with an untrained stroke, bandaged for a strain, and with the blade of his oar shaved down to lighten the work, rushed away from the worst station so swiftly that, to quote the *Times* expert (who really does know what he is talking about). "The Leander crew simply could not live with them for pace." But the fact remains that it is a pity that one athletically aristocratic club should absorb more of the University talent than it can possibly find employment for, and that the deterioration of the metropolitan clubs, compared with what I remember in years gone by, is, in my judgment, due to the existence of Leander. REMEX.



W. A. Kouch.

MR. J. HILLS'S KELPIE.

Copyright

rowed as a pair, were regarded as demigods by certain enthusiastic little boys, of whom I was one. It would be pleasant indeed to see a few more competitors for honour at Henley, like this Burton crew, who have had their reward, and Trinity College, Dublin, who won a good race against Molesey, put in an annual appearance. As for Burton, if they had been more ambitious, they would probably have secured greater honours, and it is sincerely to be hoped that their success will stimulate carsmanship to fresh life on that noble if sluggish river, admirably suited for inland rowing, which runs past the "metropolis of beer."

But—but—and it is a very large but—what has become of the metropolitan oarsmen? Has their glory departed? And if this be so, why is it? I except Leander, which is only locally metropolitan, and, with a conviction that I am very likely to be snubbed for telling the truth, I suggest that the existence of Leander is very largely responsible for the fact that among the single oarsmen and crews which met in the eight finals on the last day of the regatta there was not a single winner representing a *bonâ fide* metropolitan club. Not the Universities, but single

colleges at the Universities, absolutely monopolised the prize list except in the case of the Wyfold Challenge Cup, which went, as has been stated above, to Burton-on-Trent. I venture to say that this is not as it should be if this were the best regulated of worlds, and that the existence of Leander is a standing menace to the best interests of metropolitan rowing. The Leander Club represents the aristocracy of the rowing world that hails from the Universities. It represents a very pleasant society of men whose colours mark them off from the common herd, and it offers an irresistible attraction to all the best oarsmen from the Universities. It shows us also some very fine exhibitions of rowing from time to time, although I must confess that I, for one, was keenly delighted when Third Trinity, with an untrained stroke, bandaged for a strain, and with the blade of his oar shaved down to lighten the work, rushed away from the worst station so swiftly that, to quote the *Times* expert (who really does know what he is talking about). "The Leander crew simply could not live with them for pace." But the fact remains that it is a pity that one athletically aristocratic club should absorb more of the University talent than it can possibly find employment for, and that the deterioration of the metropolitan clubs, compared with what I remember in years gone by, is, in my judgment, due to the existence of Leander. REMEX.

POLO NOTES

SATURDAY was a busy day, but polo had many rivals, not the least being the Eton and Harrow match, as well as the pony show at Hurlingham, and the exhibition of trotters and pacers at Ranelagh. I tried hard to see something of everything, with the result that I succeeded, and now it seems hard to know where to begin. However, the polo pony show at Hurlingham was, perhaps, the chief event of the afternoon. It was a most excellent show, both in point of quality and quantity. The judges, Messrs. Buckmaster and J. Peat, began with a good class of heavy-weights, *i.e.*, ponies fit to carry 14st. and upwards at polo. Of these Orangeman (belonging to Colonel Fenwick), Pilgrim (Mr. Dudley Marjoribanks's well-known pony and the winner at Ranelagh), Cygnet (last year's winner at Ranelagh), and Mr. Garland's Sir Horace were the best. Orangeman was clearly the

winner; good as Pilgrim undoubtedly is, Colonel Fenwick's chestnut is better. This was the pony that excited so much admiration from our American visitors, showing them to be no bad judges. No doubt the judges had their reasons for passing over Cygnet, and for sandwiching Sir Horace between Orangeman and Pilgrim, but these were not perceptible to those round the ring. Pilgrim was altogether of a better type, and more of a polo pony than Sir Horace, nice animal though the last-named is. Larkey, the pony with which Mr. J. Farmer won at Islington (since sold to Mr. J. Gouldsmith), won in light-weights, and to this no one could object—I foretold his winning in last week's notes. Of the championship judging I will say nothing, I disagreed so entirely with the awards. One of the easiest and best winners of the day was Mr. Goad's Princess Charming in the hack class, but this is wandering rather outside my province. I do not think the readers of COUNTRY LIFE will quarrel with me if I draw attention here to the admirable exhibition of polo ponies at Carlisle. Both in numbers and quality the classes were most admirable.

Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. E. Mucklos judged, nor would it be easy to find better judges of pony stock. Rosewater, Gownboy, and Rudhean (the latter, by the way, is in Mr. Midwood's sale on July 23rd) were in the usual places—first, second, and third. Three beautiful polo pony stallions they are. Mr. Midwood won in mares with Fine Fleur, bought at Sir James Blyth's sale. She beat Girton Girl, one of the best types of pony brood mares we have. Mr. Midwood was also successful with Standard, a true stamp of polo pony. He

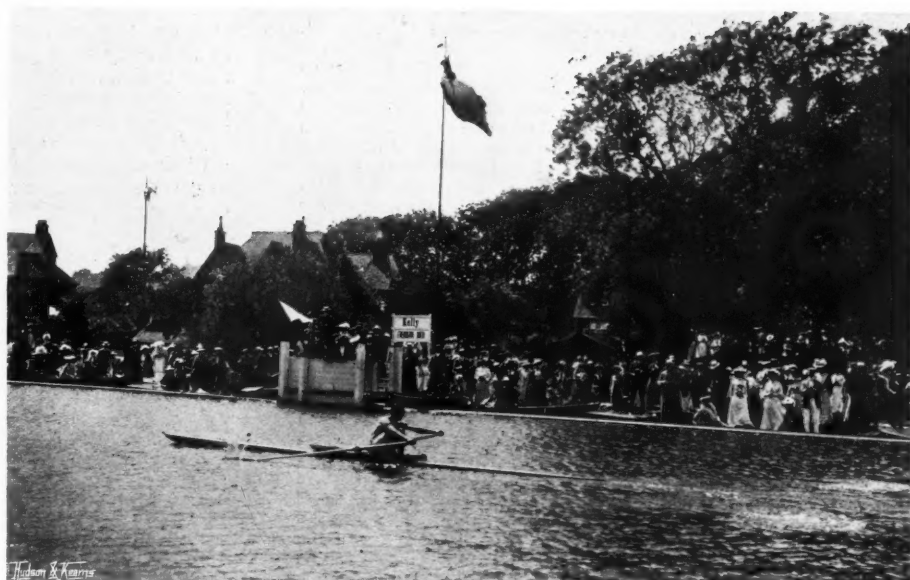
can hardly fail to train on into a good performer at the game if he goes into the right hands. But I must not dwell too long on this, nor does the fascinating theme of trotters exhibited by Mr. Winans before the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Ranelagh belong to this column, so I turn to the polo, which, however, was in no way remarkable. It is only teams accustomed to each other's play that can show us the best polo. The present multiplication of matches has its advantages, no doubt, for the players, and many more men have the chance to play in good games than was the case a few years ago, but the spectator naturally does not find polo so interesting to watch as when two first-class teams were pitted against one another. However, we must take things as they are. Perhaps the game with the most promise of good polo was the first match on the Hurlingham programme—Household Brigade against the Magpies. Several of the members of the former team were on duty, and at the last moment the managers put together a Hurlingham team which was strong, too strong indeed for its opponents, and which won rather easily. The players were—Hurlingham: Mr. F. O. Ellison, Mr. Barber, Captain Fitzgerald, and Lord Ingestre; Magpies: Captain Hobson, Mr. Thynne, Mr. MacIvor, and Mr. Roberts. This latter team had no defence to match against that of Captain Fitzgerald and Lord Ingestre, and, consequently, whenever Hurlingham attacked, and they were playing with the ball nearly all the time, they had shots at goal, and won rather easily by 7 to 1.

A journey across to Ranelagh showed that the games there were better, but the members of the teams were changed about, and the matches were really high-class members' games. To have a really good match you must have a side with more or less unity. Nevertheless, Captain Heselbine and Mr. Bucknall, who played in both matches, are always worth watching.

Turning to Roehampton, the pony races having fallen through, there was the close of the Ladies' Nomination Cup as the chief event. This resolved itself into a fairly good but ordinary handicap tournament. There were eleven teams, distinguished by the letters of the alphabet. I cannot pretend in a week which included Carlisle and Peterborough to have followed the tournament through all its phases. Besides, some of the players deserted the original letter (or was it the lady nominator?), and, beginning in one team, were found in another before the close. In such a tournament, a player like Mr. Buckmaster tells for a great deal, and his team (C) survived to the end, and won the tournament. The final game was a contest between Mr. Buckmaster and Mr. B. W. Nickalls, of D Team. Each led his team well, but Mr. Buckmaster's good hitting told at the end.

ON THE GREEN.

ALL over the South we have a magnificent hay crop, and the result of this on most of our golf greens is that, while the putting greens are beautiful, the fringes or whiskers of the course are of a luxuriant growth, that is excellent for the ball-making trade. Lost balls are many. Sandwich was very long about its edges when Tom Vardon lately did his wonderful score of 69; but then one may take it for granted that, when a man is playing so well as to make a record score—and, more than that, a record that beats previous records by several strokes—then he is hitting his ball so straight and true that he is



W. A. Rouch.

HENLEY: KELLY WINS THE DIAMONDS.

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utterly indifferent to all that goes on on the fringes of the course. It goes dead down the centre every time. It is this—perfect play—aided by a good share of luck, that makes records. Good play alone is not enough, for there is more good play seen than there are record scores. The two have to come into their rare union in the same round for the record score to be the result. If Tom Vardon never was off the course when he went round in 69, lesser men making bigger scores often are off the course, and Sandwich is cumbered by the enormous zeal which men show who lose a Haskell ball in searching for their lost. Tom Vardon, by the by, was playing with a Haskell when he did this round of 69. There seem to be just a few people who have a "corner" in Haskells, which they bought up before the "boom." So it is no wonder that the possessor searches the fringes of Sandwich and elsewhere with a rare zeal when the ball goes wandering. One of the most precious moments at golf is said to be that at which you go into the whins in search of a "gutti," and come out having found an able-bodied Haskell instead. The reverse is less joyful—when you lose Haskell and find "gutti." But the question presents itself on the horizon of practical politics for the Rules of Golf Committee, whether some alteration should be made in the length of time that a man may look for his ball before the other party can claim not only the hole, but the match. After five minutes the hole can be claimed, but the Haskell hunter will not relinquish his *chasse* under half-an-hour, and the opponent ought to have some stronger remedy than the mere claim on a hole. Perhaps a rule might be draughted on the lines of London cab regulations—"for every quarter-of-an-hour kept waiting," etc. This will have to be seen to.

Probably both Mr. Younger and Mr. Crawford Smith were let in just a little too easily by the Parliamentary handicappers—so at least one would judge from what one sees and hears. It was rather hard luck on Mr. Alfred Tennyson to be beaten in the semi-final after fighting through so far from "scratch." But if any man deserved success it is Mr. Younger, who has taken the game up with a serious attention and a humble spirit that are especially to be commended, and are rather rare in the golfer who begins after he has reached years of discretion—for this, I believe, was Mr. Younger's case. Both the finalists in the Parliamentary Tournament were Scots, though they sit for English constituencies; but this no doubt is their misfortune rather than their fault. As Scots, they ought not to have sixteen strokes of handicap. But they will not another time. Mr. Eric Hambro, M.P. for Wimbledon, though beaten early in the tournament, has lately done the "Maiden" at Sandwich in one. A ribald constituent observed that he had an unfair advantage at this hole, being the only golfer in the world tall enough to see over the "Maiden."

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FROM THE . PAVILION.

I FEAR that I am qualifying to be described as being like one of Napoleon's "Egyptian grumblers," albeit I've no blood of the Pharaohs in my veins; but it is hard to be pleased with six consecutive days of scientific cricket, so called, that is, six days when the scoring averages a run a minute. We get a "purple patch" now and again, it is true, but we pay for it dearly, so we have to estimate our pleasure by the average, and the said average was the same in Gentlemen v. Players as it was in Oxford v. Cambridge. Lockwood, indeed, was a brilliant star when first he began to shine, but his "fire paled ineffectual"—to transmute a well-known line—at intervals, while



W. A. Rouch.

HENLEY. THE VIEW FROM PHYLLIS COURT.

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Braund was dismally correct at times. Still, both these men played admirable and almost faultless cricket, in the abstract, and that is something. There was, however, a too short period when Jessop, with the game lost, laid lustily on to the Players' bowling, including the all-conquering Lockwood's, and sent up runs at a great pace by a series of excellent and vigorous strokes. The Players, however, had matters all their own way and won easily, though in bowling and batting it was a case of "Lockwood and Braund with nine others against eleven amateurs." I recall nothing else of note, and if the heading of this article demands a "Pavilion Note" strictly speaking, I can only say that the pavilion with the purtenance thereof was, on the whole, unmitigatedly bored, and inclined to be cynical. We then proceeded to watch, and criticise, the Eton-Harrow match, which was not productive of many incidents, but of some. The first was the collapse of Eton for 72, a break-up that was due to bad play more than to the wickets' little tricks, though there is no doubt that it was never plain sailing for the Eton batsmen at the outset. I hardly think that the Harrovians, though a fine, stalwart team of fellows, were eight wickets ahead of Eton, but am convinced that they were certainly the stronger brigade, especially in batting. The Eton fielding, notwithstanding some dropped catches, was quite better than that of Harrow, except as far as wicket-keeping went, and in bowling I regard Sandeman of Eton as the best, though mere figures put him behind Carlisle and Phelps, who had not to bowl, however, against their compatriot, Hopley. The Harrow change bowlers were, however, far superior to those of Eton, and with MacLaren's clever "mixing" to reckon in, I think that the better side won the day, giving a special eulogium to Hopley's hitting. He seemed to hit at everything and miss nothing, his strokes being most powerful. His methods were not absolutely and faultlessly orthodox, but he did his work well, and we could well afford to see a few more batsmen of his calibre on the grounds. *Apocryphos* of the collapse in Eton's first innings, I was invited to enquire of an Eton master whether a mistake had not been made, and the *Eight* sent up to Lord's instead of the *Eleven*. However, he gravely informed me, and with apparent sincerity, that I might safely contradict the story wherever I heard it told.

The Australians drew their match with Warwickshire, having had all the best of the game, but they made no mistake with Worcestershire, and won with great ease a game in which the main feature was a fine last-wicket stand by Gaukrodger and Burrows. Sussex played two curious matches last week, against the weakest and strongest of the counties, Hants and Yorkshire. They failed to win the match with Hants, mainly because the catching broke down and enabled the last two batsmen to hold out for three-quarters of an hour, a highly creditable feat. Yorkshire, however, had a truly *mauvais quart d'heure* when, having scored 372, they let Sussex make 455 and then lost three wickets for 7 runs and five for 50! Taylor, however, kept his head well and saved the situation. This is not the first occasion on which Sussex has given the champions a fight and a fright. This time both Brann and Newham, quite veterans, ran their totals into three figures, the biggest Yorkshire scorers being Haigh (85) and Rhodes (92 not out), but both took so long over their runs that it looked as if they had sacrificed all chance of winning a game which they really saved. Somerset is very irregular this year, and went down before Hants as the batting cracked up; indeed, in the second innings, Woods (85) and Gill (80) scored 165 out of 205, to which "extras" contributed eight more. Baston and Llewellyn both supplied 90 runs to the winners' total, the latter with Sox bowling well too. The feature of Gentlemen and Players, as played at the Oval, was an innings of 177 by Hayward, though Grace's 82 was in a way more remarkable. The professionals had the best of the game, though only Lilley (57 not out) made a good score besides Hayward, as their bowling was much the better, only Beldam, McGehey, and Jephson doing much with it; it was, indeed, the staunch defence of the two last-named that saved the amateurs, a by no means representative side.

W. J. FORD.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

FIRST SPRING.

"THIS morning," said the swallow, "I flew on to the wire perch somebody has made for us all along the line. There was a train in the station. I watched a girl, as pretty as a bird, helping an elderly lady into one of the carriages; the lady seemed as nervous as a hen with chickens. She spoke thus: 'Run, Helen, dear, and see if I have left my bag in— No, here it is, on my arm. You are sure you saw the man label my box?' The girl answered gently, but she said good-bye at last, because the lady begged her to leave, saying: 'If the carriage waits until the train starts, the pony will be frightened and run away with your brother Harry.' A curious thing happened next," continued the swallow. "A man leaned out of another window as the girl drew near, and, although they were as unlike as a sparrow and a chaffinch, for an instant their faces looked alike—a sun seemed to shine out through their eyes. Then the man turned pale, and the girl grew pink, as he spoke: 'I was afraid I should not see you to say good-bye, Miss Carew.'

"I did not know you were leaving the place so soon, Captain Manfred. It is quite a chance I am here. I have been seeing Miss Trevor, our late governess, off," said she.

"You do not look tired after the Hartleys' ball last night. Did you enjoy it?" asked he.

"No, it was hor—yes, very much, I mean. Mrs. Hartley was wondering why you were not there."

"I must write my excuses; I was too busy. We are ordered to India in a week's time, and I have things to settle in London first."

"To India!" cried the girl. "Then good-bye, for I shall not see you again."

"At any rate, not for some years," said he. "The tribes on the frontier are getting troublesome; probably we shall have some fighting."

"Then the two shook hands."

"As the girl went off in a hurry, the man looked straight up at me and groaned out: 'Oh! Nell! Nell! that I should have to run away from you; but I could not ask a young, bright thing to share such poverty as mine. May I never mar a girl's life by selfish speech'; and as the train moved at last his face looked like a man's in a hard fight."

"He was evidently quite crazy," said the swallow's wife. "What did the girl do?"

"She turned her face away from the train, and two dewdrops fell out of her eyes; and as I flew back to you I passed the pony carriage. A boy was saying: 'Poor old girl, shall I take the cinder out of your eye?' And the girl gave her eyes a hasty scrub and put her handkerchief away, saying: 'It is all right now, thank you, Harry; it was not exactly a cinder.'"

"No," said the little mate with a sagacious air; "I know; she was crying because her governess had left her."

"Yes, girls are like that," said the swallow.

SECOND SPRING.

"Ah!" said the swallow, "how good it is to be home again in the old nest. You were right to stop short at Algiers. South Africa would not have suited you at all this winter. It has grown a terribly noisy place—no peace anywhere."

"But you have seen the world and this big war everyone talks about," said the little mate.

"Yes, I saw more than I can tell you," twittered the swallow. "But I will tell you whom I did see—that man I told you of last year, who said he was going to India, for he has to do with the news I bring you of this afternoon." The little mate settled closer on the nest and prepared to listen.

"To-day," began the swallow, "I flew to a dell that had all the colours of a tom-tit. I saw a boy and girl picking bluebells. Presently the boy said: 'I can't stay any longer, Nell, Jessop will be waiting for me; use your hat for a basket until I send Scamp to you with one.' He went, and the girl took off her hat, and when she had filled it, she sat down on the blue and yellow ground, and began to tie her flowers up into bunches. Then she put her arms round her knees and looked up at the tree-tops. Her eyes matched the bluebells in colour; they had a clear shining in them, like a pool reflecting the sky. I recognised the girl who said good-bye at the railway station, and I thought how glad the man would have been if he had known that I could tell her all about him."

"And did you?" said the little mate.

"Yes," answered the swallow. "I told her how I was resting amongst the rocks on a steep hill, 'The Hill of Pain' men call it now, and how men lay hidden behind the rocks until more men crept up on their hands and knees and drove them away, and how there were shouts and groans, and surging of men backwards and forwards, and how I flew, affrighted, deep into a cranny. That after a long time I ventured to peep out, and saw a man carrying another in his arms. He came a little way down the hill and put his burden on the ground, then he fetched another man and laid him by the first."

"Why did he do so?" interrupted the little mate.

"They were wounded soldiers," said the swallow. "He was stained with their blood; he was carrying them to a place of safety. The girl did not ask me any questions, but she watched me as I skimmed to and fro, and listened intently. So I told her how I saw the man again with a soldier in his arms. He was on the top of the hill, and as I looked I saw him stagger, then sink slowly, slowly on his knees, leaning sideways against a rock, but before his eyes closed sunshine flashed out of them, and I recognised the man, for he looked just as he did when he saw the girl at the railway station."

"Did he say anything about Nell this time?" asked the little mate.

"No," answered the swallow, "he never spoke a word; but the man he had been carrying, after a time, began to drag himself along with his hands, for both his legs were hurt. He passed the hole from out of which I was peeping, and his face was red and angry; he was muttering fierce words. Then he gave a sort of sobbing choke and said: 'One o' the best; it's all along o' saving me—I ain't wuth it; and my blooming legs won't let me get 'im 'elp.' Then his face went white, and he was still. Men came up the hill with stretchers, and carried him and others away. When it was dark the soldiers began to leave the hill. I heard them stumble past my hiding-place. As dawn broke a great silence settled on the hill. I flew out and looked about. Every here and there lay men's bodies. I went to the man I knew, for he had not been fetched away. I brushed against him, and felt the cold of his hand through all my feathers, and his face was like the face of that big head, half buried in sand, that I saw once as I flew over Egypt. Then I knew he was dead."

The little mate was throbbing all over with sympathy, so that she shook the nest, as she asked: "What did the girl say when you told her that? Did she cry?"

"A most astonishing thing happened," said the swallow; "you will hardly believe me. All the time I had been twitting

to her she had kept her head raised, listening, and her face looked sweeter and sweeter, and her eyes grew softer and softer, but when I had finished she began to speak gibberish. This is what she said :

'Harkneth these blisful briddes how they synge,
And seth the fressche floures how they springe,
Ful is myn heart of revel and solaas.'

Then a dog came rushing up to her with a basket in his mouth ;

she put her flowers in it, shook the leaves out of her hat, and put it upon her head. Then, with her face all happiness, she jumped to her feet, and gave a kind of singing shout as she took the basket, saying : ' Oh, Scamp, it is good to be alive ! ' and she ran off, the dog yelping round her."

"Well, well! girls are surprising creatures," said the little mate, as she combed her husband's ruffled feathers down with her beak.
W. S.

CONSTABLE'S DRAWINGS.

A DISTINGUISHED painter once observed : " By his sketch-book you shall know the artist." Nothing truer was ever said. It is in the pencil drawing, often recorded at odd moments, when no difficulties of material obtrude themselves between the quick perceptions of the mind and the spontaneous execution of the hand, that the artist reveals himself most. It is then that the mind and the execution become one. No ability of brushwork, no charm of colour, no laborious copying of detail rise up, like so many veils, to obscure the freshness of his thoughts or the ardour of expression. It is Rembrandt's etchings where the pure line is the only language, where his great mind seems to have penetrated into the very point of the needle, that bring us nearest to that mighty heart. In Holbein, too, what character, what expression, what power in those almost childish line drawings, and yet, here again, we recognise the most consummate, the most exquisite art. They fully bear out the maxim that the most perfect art is that which expresses the greatest thoughts by the simplest means.

Cases have been known where great draughtsmen have, in their paintings, produced nothing but academic, lifeless conventionalities. Ingres, one of the most prominent Frenchmen of the early part of the last century, is a striking instance of this. While his pencil drawings are eagerly sought and admired with passion, his paintings, with very few exceptions, remain cold and quite unimpressive.

That there are as many different styles of drawing as there are schools in painting is an obvious fact to those who have given the subject one moment's consideration. The difference between a drawing by Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema and one by the great sculptor, Auguste Rodin, scarcely needs insisting upon. It is also clear that the style of the drawing depends largely upon the purpose for which it has been executed, and varies accordingly. While Sir Alma Tadema poses a model by the hour and



WATER LANE, STRATFORD.

composition of a picture. These drawings are usually done with wash and pen and ink. Both Rembrandt and Poussin have left many interesting examples of this kind of designs.

And lastly, though by no means on account of its importance, we have the drawing made for the sheer pleasure and delight in drawing. Every artist knows the fascination of sketching—drawing neither for obtaining documents of form nor for hard study, but for the pure love of the art. It is like the schoolboy's



THE BRIDGE, HENDON.

studiously copies the detail of a foot or the folds of a drapery, Rodin will introduce a Spanish dancer into his studio, put her literally through her paces, and, as she is actually gliding around, quickly set down this or that movement of the hips, or poise of the foot in mid-air, always being careful to draw, however summarily, the *ensemble* of the entire figure. The object of the one would be to make a careful study for a picture, of the other to arrest some grace or charm of movement, to seize an almost inexpressible subtlety in the turn of the head or the contortion of the body. In this case the object in view would be to find a suggestion direct from Nature for some future marble or bronze.

Then there are the drawings that are made deliberately with the intention of transposing into paint, a common practice with some artists. The drawing for the horse for the famous "Surrender of Breda," by Velasquez, at the Louvre, was in all probability made with this object in view. We have also the rough *ébauche*, the vaguest suggestion of the broad massing of light and shade, and the grouping of figures, which is set down as a trial of arrangement for the

half-holiday, or the moment's rest snatched by the tired reviewer, who for once can read the books he loves for the love of them, without having to write about them. To this last category belong most of the admirable drawings by Constable at the British and South Kensington Museums.

Of all landscape drawings in existence these are at once the most artistic, the most individual, and the most complete. Claude's drawings are beautiful, but

they have neither the vitality nor the strong personality of Constable's. Turner's, Corot's, Millet's, are often exquisite, but none of these artists has that genius for expressing the individual form of every tree, of every movement of earth, of every passing cloud. To Constable there is nothing in Nature that has not its particular characteristic form and growth—its own texture and quality of surface. And all this fulness of life he can render with the point of an ordinary lead pencil. Herein lies a marvellous power of draughtsmanship, a power which also reveals itself most forcibly in his paintings. Note the masterly strokes that indicate the masses of delicate foliage in the "Study of Ash Trees," and how the colour and sunlight play down the trunks; how the detail in the barks is expressed, and the stout resistance of their giant growth. Taking into consideration the simplicity of the medium, the colour and the force of this are marvellous. What grace and beauty, again, in the "Study of Trees at Hampstead"! How admirably the lightness of the foliage is expressed and the sinuous, supple growth of the branches! There is form in every portion of the drawing: never a stroke set down at



A CANAL ON THE STOUR.

hazard, never a touch that has not its purpose, its own particular meaning, to convey.

Constable, with a lead pencil and a sheet of ordinary cartridge paper, can tell us a thousand times more about Nature, her ever-varying forms, her changing moods and effects, her subtlety and majestic strength, than can Mr. Sargent or Mr. David Murray on ten-league canvases with all the additional aids of oil paint and flamboyant brushwork. Consider, for one instant, the summary, conventionalised forms of the features and hands in a Sargent portrait, with their superficial resemblance to Nature. Then turn to one of Constable's pencil drawings. How the simple sincerity, the profound observation, the passionate love for everything that has life are shown in his art; how rich and full it is beside the work of the present generation. Yet surely is there not as much individuality, as much expression of character, to be found in men and women as in the rivers, the trees, and the clouds? And the whole town talks about Mr. Sargent and his wonderful talent, and scarcely anyone has even heard of the beautiful Constable drawings at the British and South Kensington Museums. Truly we live in a perverse age. ESTHER S. SUTRO.

A . . . WEST COUNTRY . . "SMALL HOLDING."

WHERE in all England can prettier gardens be seen than those of which the "small holdings" of numerous Cornish and Devonshire farms and cottages consist? I know many—all charming—in the eastern portion of the "Delectable Duchy" and the western borders of fair Devon, and I will endeavour to describe one as a typical specimen, and not because I consider it to be especially favoured.

This particular "small holding," although of more than "three acres," does not include a "cow," but has only a donkey and many pet cats for livestock. It is rented by a labouring man, and his cottage is also a lodge, and



A STUDY OF TREES AT HAMPSTEAD.

stands on the verge of a large and ancient wood of fine oaks, Spanish chestnuts, ash, and other forest trees; it mounts guard over the entrance to a gentleman's private drive down a valley, on each side of which the hills rise steeply; this road passes below the terraced platform on which the cottage stands, and divides it from a noisy little stream (or "lake," as we call it in Cornwall), which then proceeds to hurl itself over a small mill-dam, turn the wheel of a picturesque old mill, and, finally, about half a mile further down, to lose itself among the waters of a broad river. In front of the cottage (I write in the fair month of June, but the season is cold and late) a laburnum sheds its golden rain, a great lilac bush fills the air with its delicate perfume, the pink and white blossoms of an apple tree promise an abundant crop, and roses deck the walls of the house and brighten the little flower-beds. A few weeks ago the whole of the banked-up wall of the drive which supports this miniature terrace was one sheet of purest white, for the arabis—or, to use the pretty name by which it is known locally, the snow-on-the-mountain—draped it completely with one unbroken mass of bloom, and still earlier in the year snowdrops stood in delicate array peering over the edge of this luxuriant bank. Now its mantle of arabis is green, only a few specks of white blossom showing here and there; the snowdrops, too, are gone, but other flowers have succeeded them—sweet white pinks fringe its summit, while gooseberry and currant bushes lean over to display their baby fruit.

Above the cottage, and climbing up the steep slope at the edge of the wood, is about an acre and a-half of fruit garden—strawberry plants, raspberry canes, and gooseberry bushes in profusion. The strawberries are now in full flower (nearly a month later than usual); quantities of little green berries on the bushes excite visions of tarts and scald cream, the little path has a border of narcissi to keep it tidy, and everything grows with a luxuriance delightful to see. Planted among the bushes are fruit trees, cherry and apple; the glory of the former has departed, and indeed this season is not a good one for cherries, but last year, what a glory it was! The whole country-side was white as snow with cherry blossom, while each individual tree, when the sun shone through its branches, seemed to have come straight down from fairyland. Later the trees had to be propped up to prevent the weight of the cherries from breaking them down, and the crop of plums was equally heavy.

All is cultivated with the utmost care; what industry and toil such a garden tells of to those who know that it is the product of the labour of one man, now no longer young, who has dug it and planted it all unaided; a bluff, burly, illiterate working-man, but gifted not only with strength, industry, and perseverance, but with inborn, though perhaps unconscious, good taste and love of beauty; for though, of course, profit is the object of his work, he never seems to forget that its result should also be pleasing to the eye. This "hanging garden" is on so steep a declivity that it has to be terraced like a Riviera olive garden, and every nook and cranny of the little supporting walls of "dry" masonry has its flower blooming in due season—snowdrops, daffodils, narcissi, violets, geraniums, and clouds of snow-on-the-mountain; there is not a spot in which a plant can find sufficient earth to root in that is not bright with bloom.

Passing out at the lodge gate and along a little lane, the drive continues up the valley, which here widens out into meadows watered by the stream, and are always green, even in the winter; close above the road rises the hill, steeper and higher than ever, and all fertile with "spade culture," the land being divided among different small tenants, who devote themselves to the "früte," as they call it, while the opposite side is thickly wooded.

Here, again, the evidence of our gardener's skill and industry is still to be seen, for the first, and the biggest and the steepest, field we pass is in his holding, and the crop is—strawberries. (N.B.—Fancy shooting partridges in strawberry fields instead of in turnip fields! Not an unusual experience in this district.) The top of the lower boundary wall is planted for its whole length with daffodils, narcissi, and snowdrops, and each strawberry plant, carefully freed from weeds, is now in full flower and fruit, and some ripe berries have been sent to market, and quite a month later than usual. If the inclement weather we are enduring continues I fear that my poor gardener, along with many others,

will suffer; but if the tardy summer will but hasten to the rescue, we may soon hope to see an army of "pickers" advance upon the field, the women in sun-bonnets, the children rosy-cheeked and merry, enjoying the "strawberry holidays" given in these parts (time being made up by the curtailment of other holidays). In long rows they stand, gathering the luscious crimson berries and packing them neatly into "punnets," the round-shaped baskets made of wood-shavings in which they are sold by the costermongers in London, and the manufacture of which has for months employed the women and girls in every cottage in the neighbourhood. Afterwards these are packed into light deal boxes, between layers of fresh fern leaves, and despatched, to London first, and then, when the market there is glutted, to the North of England, and even to Scotland.

The strawberry pickers ask, and receive, good pay, for their work is hard, and begins at sunrise. They are, however, often obliged to leave off for a few hours in the middle of the day,



CONSTABLE'S DRAWINGS: STUDY OF ASH TREES.

when the sun shines fiercely and the heat of its rays becomes unbearable, radiated from the southern slopes; but the remarkable steepness of these slopes has one advantage—the picker stands below her row of strawberries, and can gather them without breaking her back. From the top of the hill I am trying to describe the view is really beautiful. The strawberries clothe the whole side of the descent at one's feet; below lies the valley of rich meadow-land (attached to a large farm), through which the stream winds its way, sparkling among the brushwood which overhangs its banks; a fine herd of cows stand knee-deep in the long grass, looking the picture of lazy contentment, while opposite, the densely wooded hill rises to a considerable altitude, and still shows every shade of spring foliage, from delicate golden yellow to deepest green.

Our gardener, self-dependent as he is, is obliged to employ others (chiefly women) to help him, not only to pick the fruit, but to weed the ground, for strawberries require to be kept very

"clean." All the rest of the work he does himself, while his wife sees to the very simple accounts, and transacts the business with the fruit and flower dealers in distant cities, such as Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Her ideas as to the geographical situation of these towns is of the vaguest. "They'm goin' tū a plāce they dū cāal Bradford," she once said to me. "I dawn't knaw where'bouts it be, but I reckon yū may have heard tell of un." Yet she is in constant communication with them. From the moment when the earliest snowdrop peeps above ground to see what kind of world this may be, to that when "the last rose of summer" lingers on her stalk, regular consignments of flowers are despatched by her to the dealers in the great manufacturing towns. The smart young Manchester clerk, when he buys himself a button-hole of sweet violets, after office hours, on a foggy November day, little thinks that they were grown in a cottage garden in far Cornwall.

I remember once taking a North Country gentleman to see the garden I am writing about, with which he was delighted, but my good friend, the gardener, did not look very pleased when the visitor mentioned the price he had to pay at home for a little nosegay like those shown him, as it amounted to about six times the sum received by the grower.

Three times a week in the season the little donkey—its cart-loaded with punnet boxes—trots down to the quay on the river, where they are shipped on board a market steamer and conveyed to the nearest large town for entrainment, for our gardener cannot emulate the richer fruit growers—well-to-do farmers—who send their wares to the station direct, often a distance of nine or ten miles, in very light spring waggons, built on purpose, and drawn by one of the well-bred, small, fast-trotting cart-horses of the country. These will carry what looks like an enormous load, piled high, but the cargo is really a light one, and the game little horse rarely condescends to walk *up* the hills, and goes *down* them at a fast trot, or even a canter, although their gradient is such that "foreigners" (as the natives of all other parts of England are called) would hesitate to drive along the road at all.

Although not strictly belonging to my subject, I cannot conclude without some reference to the wild flowers, which quite refuse to be banished entirely from the cottage garden, but crop up here and there in spite of all the digging, for it is really only a clearing from the big woods, into which a little gate at the top gives admittance. Passing through this, one only leaves one garden to enter another, finding it hard to decide which is the most to be admired, the one cultivated by man or that in which Nature alone has had a hand. The great trees give a pleasant shade, below one catches glimpses of the stream, and the ear is soothed by its soft murmur and the singing of innumerable birds. On each side of the tiny pathway ferns grow with splendid luxuriance, and there is a profusion of flowers. The primroses which carpeted the ground are over, but wild geraniums and hyacinths, rose red campions and ragged robin, gentian blue bugloss, and purple orchises cover the banks, mingled with rarer plants not ordinarily found growing wild. The most striking of these are the columbines, generally a dark purple, but also pink, white, and a pale lilac, and of a very large and handsome variety. Here is also a species of balm or balsam—mauve and white—peculiar, I have been told, to this neighbourhood, and numberless other plants and flowers to which, in my sad ignorance in matters botanical, I can give no name.

I must not trespass further on the patience of my readers, but as I walk or ride among the fruit and flower gardens of the fertile lands on both the Devonshire and Cornish sides of our river I feel that I could expatiate at much greater length on their beauty. I think few countries in cultivation could be more pleasing, and I wish that someone more gifted with the power of word painting than I am would describe them.

This wet and cold summer, if it continues, will, I fear, be disastrous to the fruit crop; but the last two seasons were very prolific, and our country-folk are not complaining much, knowing that they must take the bad with the good, and I hope that my readers will agree with me that the lot of an industrious and contented-minded tenant of a West Country "small holding" is one which none need pity, and some may feel inclined to envy.

ERNESTINE EDGUMBE.

IN THE GARDEN.

GOURDS.

GOURDS form a strangely picturesque and interesting group, the fruits having quaint stripes and coloured in a curious way, dabbled and streaked with many hues like the distribution of colour on the unruly petals of the Parrot Tulip. Although the Gourds are not invariably edible where not useful to make pies of, they have a garden value for their colouring and form. Many pleasant pictures may be created with the plants, perhaps as a screen to hide some ugly bank, to run over rough stakes, as we see in the Royal Gardens, Kew, or to cover a low building. They are a distinct change, and if not overdone are grateful to look at. They are not difficult to grow.

It depends entirely upon the use that is to be made of the Gourds in determining the varieties to select. The most familiar form is the Pumpkin, which, as is well known, grows to a large size, and is frequently grown for this purpose alone, as may be seen at some of the larger vegetable exhibitions, where the display of Pumpkins lends colour and interest to the show, whilst on the Continent they are often sold in slices in the streets. We have seen this done here, but not to any extent. In very few Continental houses of the poorer classes is a meal complete without Gourd or Pumpkin.

Most of the Gourds are half-hardy and very tender, so that they must be grown in the summer months. Those of Indian introduction are of peculiar flavour. The Spanish Gourd is of excellent flavour, and the large American varieties are much in the same way. There are plenty of instances on record of these fruits weighing over 10wt. and measuring 4ft. to 6ft. in circumference with quite ordinary culture. These large Pumpkins have their uses in poor households, and are kept sound by hanging them up to the ceiling. They are relished in the winter months as a vegetable or with stews. The large American Ohio Squash is well known, but how rarely is it used as a food in this country? Then there are the large Green and Yellow varieties, a feature at harvest festivals, and more used for decoration than as an article of food.

The Italian Gourd or Marrow is useful for small gardens, as it requires very little space compared with the Vegetable Marrow; it is bushy, and the fruits are produced from the short stems or growths. It is not unlike the other Gourds, but should be used in a green state. There is another bush variety—the Green Bergen—which makes a very strong growth, and has small bell-shaped green and white fruits. It is one of the hardiest of all Gourds, and when the seed is sown in May the plants quickly develop to a fruiting size. The Orange Gourd or Apple Squash is very pretty trained to a fence or pole, and is very acceptable when cooked young, but care should be taken that the right variety is got, as the Orange Gourds of the East Indies are not edible. The Turk's Cap is well known, but has no good qualities for the kitchen, being simply of value for its ornamental effect in the garden.

The Canada Crook-neck Gourd is acceptable. It is a dry and mealy fruit, but will keep sound for months after being cut if not in a damp place; it makes a spreading growth. The ordinary American Crook-neck is a bushy plant with a light yellow skin and warty excrescences on the surface. When ripe it is very hard; the fruits are small, but of excellent flavour when cooked young.

Many Gourds are grown in China, but it would be wearisome to make a list. Messrs. Cannell and Sons, the well-known nurserymen at Swanley, have a splendid collection of Gourds. Recent summers have agreed with the plants, bringing out the natural colouring of the fruits and making them quite conspicuous in the exhibition.

Sow the seed under glass in March or early April, and plant out the seedlings in May or June. When the position is warm and the soil well drained seed may be sown out of doors, but this is not advisable as the season is brief, and the seedlings from seed sown in the open air will not fruit so freely as those raised under glass. A good soil and plenty of food and moisture are needful when the growth is active, and the larger-fruited varieties will require copious supplies of water, and when grown as food do not allow more than two fruits to mature. Gourds delight in overhead syringings in the evening of hot and dry summer days.

AMERICAN BEAUTY AND QUEEN OF EDGELY ROSES.

"P." writes: "It has always surprised me that our American friends make so much fuss about the Rose Mue. Ferdinand Jamin, which they call American Beauty. It is true the variety grows vigorously, and yields fine massive flowers on wonderful long stems, and its value for room decoration cannot be doubted. The fragrance, too, is delicious, but the dull rose colour is not a taking one with us. It lacks freshness excepting in the bud stage, and I should certainly not recommend the Rose to anyone for outdoor growth. The variety succeeds admirably on its own roots, and perhaps in mid-winter, with a bright sun overhead, as they are favoured with in the States, American Beauty is far different to what we are accustomed to see it here. The sport from this Rose named Queen of Edgely does not appear to me to be sufficiently distinct to warrant a new name. There is a lighter shade towards the edges of the petals, otherwise I believe it is the same as American Beauty."

HIBISCUS SPLENDENS.

A fine plant of this pretty Australian species is now in flower in the Mexican house at Kew, where it forms a striking example of the value of border over pot culture indoors. The plant is two years old from seed, and is 15ft. high and 6ft. through in the widest part. It is of symmetrical outline, and forms a fine pyramidal bush. Under pot culture it does not grow so vigorously, takes a longer period to attain flowering strength, and does not keep such a healthy colour. The leaves are very handsome, and they are from 6in. to 8in. across. They are light green in colour, but have a silver hue by reason of the dense mass of soft grey hairs which smother them, the petioles and young shoots being smothered in a similar manner. The flowers are borne singly from the leaf axils, are 6in. across, pale rose with darker splashes of colour on the outer side, and with a maroon ring and five maroon spots at the base of the petals inside. The sepals are upwards of 1in. long, deeply divided, and very hairy. The outer side of the petals, together with the flower-stalk, is densely covered with soft hairs. The Kew plant is growing in rich loam in an intermediate temperature; it has been in flower since the beginning of June, and will continue to flower for several weeks yet. As in the case of *H. heterophylla* Manihot and *H. pungens* it appears to make a finer plant grown as a biennial than as a perennial, the flowers being larger and the foliage better.

THE HERB GARDEN.

The term "Herb" is a common one in gardens, and is applied to certain plants, mostly hardy, grown for either flavouring or medicinal purposes. The flavouring and most widely-grown section contains fewer herbs than the group grown medicinally. Formerly the medicinal herbs were held in high esteem, but the medical pharmacopoeia has undergone vast changes, with the result that herbs are not accounted of so much importance. Still, in many gardens it is the rule to grow a few in case they are asked for. Herbs are both of annual and perennial character, all giving seed in their season, and all easily raised from seed by cutting or by division. Herbs are generally grown in a small separate garden or plot or "Herb Garden." Exception is generally made to Parsley, which is in great demand for table decoration as well as for flavouring, and for that reason a goodly quantity of it is needed all the year round. As it is usually treated as an annual, seed being sown yearly, and sometimes twice a year, it is necessary to give to it more space than provided by an ordinary herb garden.

Flavouring Herbs.—The chief are Parsley, Mint, Common and Lemon Thyme, Sage, Marjoram, Summer and Winter Savory, Chervil, Tarragon, and Fennel.

Parsley.—This is usually raised from seed in shallow drills, either beside garden walks or on a border, the drills being 12in. apart. The seed should be sown thinly in rows, and the plants thinned out to 6in. apart when strong enough. The usual seasons are March for summer and autumn use, and early in August for a winter supply. From this latter sowing dibble up some of the plants into a frame 6in. apart, or shallow boxes, so as to enable the plants to be housed during hard weather and thus furnish leafage for garnishing. Parsley well repays for good soil, deep working, and ample thinning. Excellent varieties are the Dwarf Garnishing and the Treble Curled.

Mint is an herbaceous perennial, and can be propagated by seed, by using the young tops as cuttings, and by lifting, dividing, and replanting the white, fleshy running roots. Solid clumps cut out from an old bed with a spade and planted 15in. apart in fresh soil soon become thick. The best time for inserting tops as cuttings is in March or April when the shoots are 4in. high. The common garden variety is the Green or Spear Mint, as that gives a pleasant yet not strong flavour. In planting Mint in fresh soil take great care to have the soil free from weeds, as the bed may remain in one position for many years. After the stems have been cut in the autumn and hung up to dry for winter use a dressing of short manure should be given.

Thymes, both Common and Lemon, are dwarf, compact, and evergreen. They can be increased by division early in the spring, and replant them at once, or the young points of shoots will soon root if inserted into pots filled with sandy soil and placed in gentle warmth in a frame. Thymes can also be raised from seed.

Sage is an evergreen shrub of the *Salvia* family, and can be increased by cuttings in the late summer, or by breaking off branches and planting them in fresh ground, one-half their depth. The plants are quite hardy, and if left alone will grow very broad in a few years. It is best, however, to plant some a'fresh every three years at least.

Marjoram.—There are two Marjorams: summer, treated as an annual, and raised from seed sown in shallow drills, 12in. apart, in March, and the winter one, which is a perennial. The winter Marjoram can be increased by dibbling in slips into the open ground, by rooting tops as cuttings under a handlight in the summer, and by lifting, dividing, and replanting the roots in winter. It is usual to cut the stems off in the autumn, dry them, and store in paper bags for winter use.

Savory.—There are two forms of Savory also, annual and perennial. The former is easily raised from seed sown in shallow drills, 1ft. apart, in April, the seedlings being well thinned. The perennial can also be raised from seed, the young Savory plants being, when strong, dibbled out where they are to grow. These should be fully 12in. apart. This form can also be propagated by slips or cuttings. Plants will grow to a good size, therefore need ample room.

Chervil is a quick-growing annual. Seed should be sown in shallow drills in March, and each month for succession until August, when a sowing to stand the winter and produce seed the following year may be made. Very small sowings suffice.

Tarragon is a perennial, and has rather warm leafage; this is often used with cold saladings to correct their coolness. Plants can be obtained by parting the roots in winter and replanting into fresh, good soil. Leaves gathered in the summer and dried are very useful in winter. It is not much in request.

Fennel.—Fennel is a tall, handsome foliage plant, of which one or two suffice for most gardens. It can be raised from seed or by lifting and replanting of sets, or by dividing roots and replanting them. The flowers should be pinched out when seen. Fennel leafage is frequently used to flavour fish.

It is well to mention that all these herbs do well in ordinary garden soil. They must be kept clean, and an occasional top dressing or mulch in the winter of short manure is help'ul.

Medicinal Herbs.—These consist of Balm, Chamomile, Rue, Wormwood, Pennyroyal, Peppermint, Tansy, Hyssop, and several others now rarely met with in gardens. Those mentioned are chiefly perennial, can be increased by divisions, by cuttings or slips, and a few from seed. Practically, they need treatment similar to that advised for perennial flavouring herbs. Lavender is grown as a perfuming herb, and is easily increased by dividing old plants and replanting them.

CLIMBING ROSE, MADAME ALFRED CARRIERE.

This beautiful and useful Rose, classed as a hybrid Noisette, is one of the most indispensable. The flowers are of good size, and of a warm, white colour, deepening to flesh colour; they are among the earliest to bloom, and stay among the latest. It is not only an admirable garden Rose for a screening hedge, for arbour, pergola, or any rough climbing purpose, but it is one of the best to cut for indoor decoration. The flowers come sometimes in clusters at the ends of rapidly grown stalks that can often be cut 3ft. long, whilst its loose shape makes it all the more welcome for this use.

LADY HOME'S . . . POULTRY

THE HIRSEL, the Earl of Home's beautiful country seat, is situated close to the gently decaying town or village of Coldstream on the Tweed, a place redolent of old Border days and frays, and with a fine bridge



BLACK ORPINGTON COCK.

across the broad river. Here yet stands the characteristic Scotch "cot-hoose," that within living memory was a black-

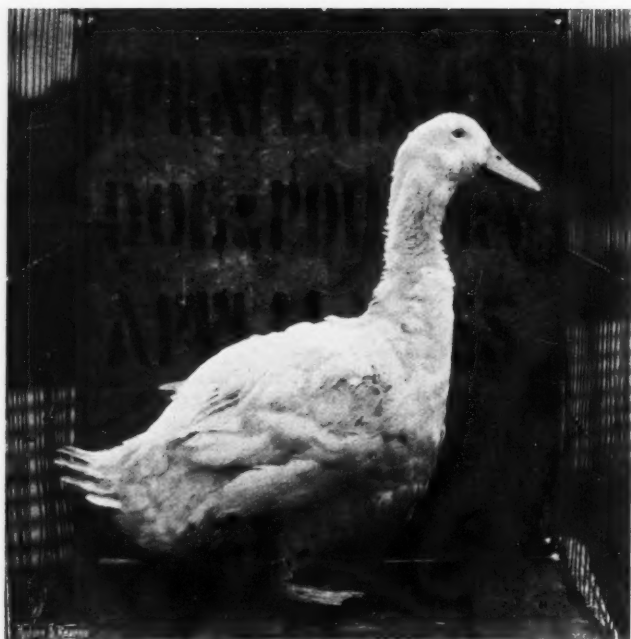
smith's shop, at which many a wedding was celebrated in days anterior to the passing of Lord Brougham's Act. Hither the Northumbrian swains used to bring their sweethearts to be cheaply married, and hither, too, came many a runaway couple in a post-chaise. But these pranks are all forgotten now, or remembered only by the curious stranger who lingers on the bridge to see Tweed's water boiling down the salmon pass, to look at the haughs green and daisy silvered, to hear the rooks on Craw Green, and listen in fancy to the clansman's slogan and the freebooters' yell as they used to resound on these wild and wooded shores. From the bridge you must pass through the town and across the river Leet to enter the "policies" of the Hirsell. In itself the house is a plain mansion of a type very common in Scotland, where of old houses were built on a very modest scale, in keeping with that character of frugality that



C. Reid.

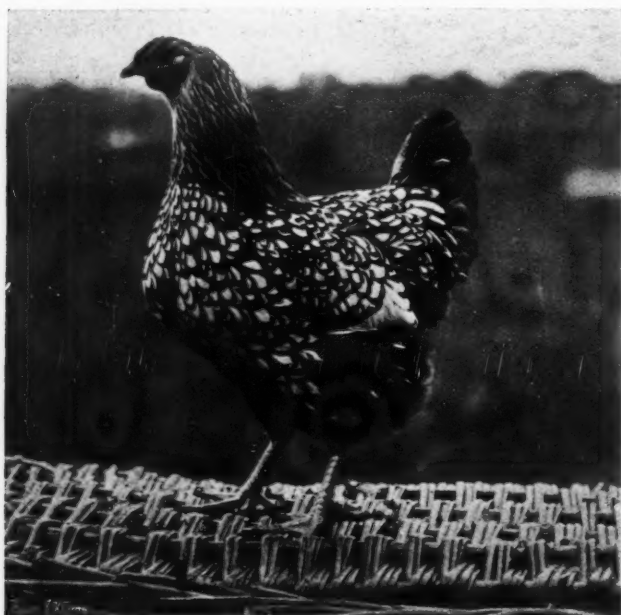
ROUEN DUCKS.

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PROMISING, BUT IN MOULT.

distinguished the nation. Then as time went by and the family flourished wings and additions were made that increased the comfort but not the beauty of the place. However, the surroundings of the Hirsell more than atone for its homeliness. Nature has been kind in the way of providing water, both running streams and a fine lake. Yet we are not sure that she is altogether entitled to credit for the latter. No doubt there must have been a pool of some kind, but where the lake is now there used to be a great mire or bog that was excavated to make room for the present mere. However it came into existence, it now is a favourite haunt of wildfowl. There is a heronry near by, and one of the few night herons ever seen in Scotland—it is said to have occurred only seven times—was shot here by the Earl of Home in 1822. To-day tame swans and wild mallards and bald-headed coots hold command of the lake among them. Round about are many exquisite woods, wherein the blackthorn is a characteristic tree, his blossom 'ingering till the hawthorn comes, and the rhododendrons set in a glade were, at our visit, bright with flower-buds. The wide parks are full of fine trees, but the cattle grazed in them are only commercial stock, the rage for pedigree flocks and herds not having yet infected the owner. Even the dairy herd is somewhat miscellaneous in its character. Deep-



C. Reid. SILVER WYANDOTTE HEN. Copyright—"C.L."

milking shorthorns form its mainstay, but recently a few very fair Jerseys have been purchased, and in time, perhaps, a really good herd will be established. Not long ago an excellent new dairy was built, over which presides a typical Scotch dairymaid of the old school, who, possessing something like contempt for new inventions, produces admirable and most attractive butter according to the methods practised in Scotland for many generations, and she has, so to speak, at the ends of her fingers the capacity of each cow on the estate. The cowshed, without being noteworthy for the novelty of its appliances, is useful and airy. But the best out-buildings at the Hirsell are undoubtedly the stables. No trouble or expense has been spared to make them as good as possible. At our visit the carriage horses were nearly all up in town, but the thoroughbreds are worthy of the fine hunting country. We noticed among the farm stock two promising Clydesdale fillies that might in time become the nucleus of a first-rate stud of heavy horses.

Possibly enough the poultry would not have attained the conspicuous place allotted to it but for the accident that in the poultryman Huntley a rare enthusiast happened to be engaged. He was for twenty-three years previously with that well-known breeder of Aylesburys, Mr. Gillies of Edington Mills, and brought to the Hirsell all the experience he had gained there, added to an unabated zeal for his work. Before his time poultry was kept for purely utilitarian purposes, that is to say, in order that the household might be supplied with eggs and chickens. This remains the main object of the establishment. Lord and Lady Home are not at all keen on fancy points, but their poultryman is, and the results of the combination are in every way satisfactory. The one compels a study of utility and the other is constantly set on the improvement of the breeds.

On the Scottish Borders the conditions for fowl-rearing



BLACK ROSE-COMBED BANTAMS.

differ from those in the South of England, and in consequence the breeds that answer well in the latter district are not so suitable in the former. This difference has been greatly emphasised during the present year. Such cold winds as we have experienced have acted prejudicially against all the tender young things of the farm, and especially the chickens. At the Hirsell a large field of permanent pasture has been allotted to the chickens, and, unfortunately, though it is sheltered by plantations on two sides, the winds from the north blow without a break. This no doubt will be remedied in time, the poultry establishment being still in its infancy, but it has been a drawback this year. The large field has been divided into small paddocks by wire fencing that looks to be about 8ft. in height. Room for change and rest of the ground is arranged for, but in any case there are two preventatives of disease. One is the poultryman's extreme dislike to overcrowding anywhere, but especially in the houses, and the other is the vigorous growth of the clover, which must quickly absorb the ammonia. In wet weather, when the manure is speedily washed down to the roots of the plants, there can be very small danger indeed of the land being fouled, but a period of drought might put the arrangements to a severe test. After a few years it will be extremely interesting to know what the results are, since if no disease breaks out this experiment will go far to solve the difficulty that hitherto has attended the breeding of poultry on any large scale on small farms. Perhaps, however, it might be safer after another year or so to shift the establishment bodily to another part of the estate.

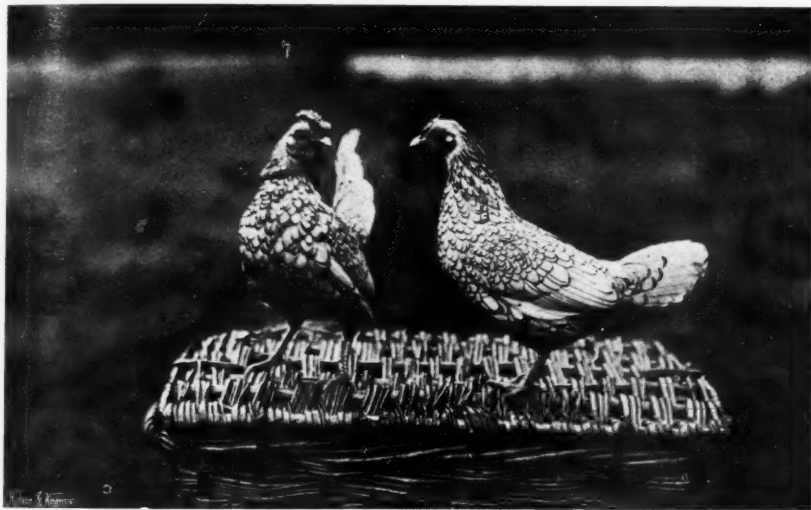
As we have said, the primary aim is to supply the household with eggs and chickens, and the general method pursued is that of hatching large numbers of chickens in incubators and then transferring them to foster-mothers. Since some may read this

who have not before kept poultry, it may be as well to explain that a foster-mother is a coop with an artificially warmed compartment, into which the chicks may retire when cold, just as in Nature they seek the shelter of their mother's wing. Of course they must be gradually hardened to stand the weather, and in this the skill and care of the poultryman find their chief exercise. It is a cardinal principle that if good fowls are to be produced there must be no check or stoppage in the progress of the chickens. The foster-mother provides them with warmth, and, being constantly changed to fresh grass, also provides them with the green food chickens are so fond of. So far North it is not found that the popular cross between Dorkings and Indian Game does so well as in the warmer South; the Indian Game are retained, but for Dorkings buff Orpingtons have been substituted with happy results. The first cross prove good table birds and useful layers. Pullets and cockerels are separated at a very early stage of their existence, this being found to be advantageous to their development and also to their tenderness as table birds. No cramming machines are in use, as the Countess of Home objects to them on the score of cruelty; but the birds are kept in small pens, exactly in the same way, as a matter of fact, as if intended to be mechanically fattened, only the feeding is done by hand. This is the ancient method, and long before cramming machines were introduced into England good results were obtained from it. For laying purposes Minorcas are largely employed, but there is one great objection to them. During summer they produce an abundant supply of eggs, but it is not easy to induce them to lay in winter. The difficulty is in part surmounted by preserving the eggs, according to a method that will be found described in COUNTRY LIFE for May 17th of the current year; but a preserved egg is not quite the same thing as a new-laid one, and the problem of obtaining a regular supply of eggs so far North in the coldest



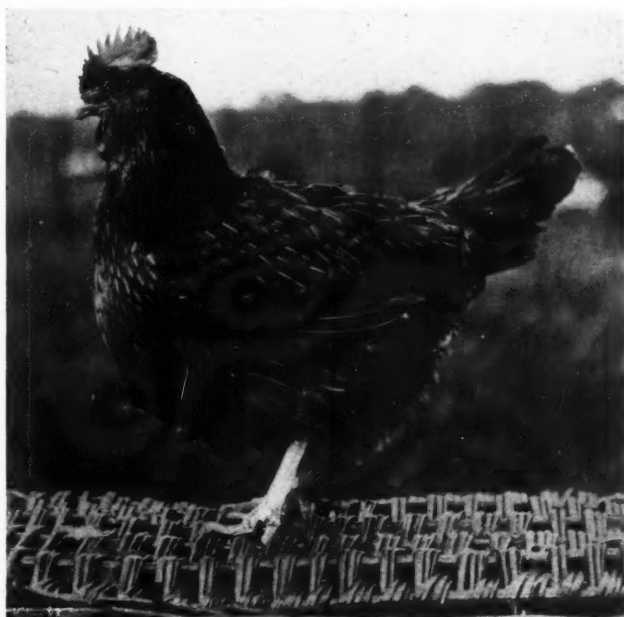
GOLDEN-PENCILLED HAMBURGH COCK.

it was brought on the market yesterday—and was made in America. Equally good as a layer and a table fowl, the severest critic would scarcely maintain that the Wyandotte has been spoiled by breeding for show points. A very smart example of the golden-pencilled Hamburg shows what a pretty ornamental fowl this is, and careful examination reveals little wrong with this one as a candidate for the honours of the show bench. Purely ornamental but most charming fowls are the Sebright bantams, of which a first-class pair are illustrated. How they would surprise and delight Sir John Sebright, who more than a century ago began the production of this breed by crossing bantams and Polish! They have now reached an exquisite degree of perfection. Between the rose-combed bantam and the Hamburg cockerel it will be seen that there is wonderful correspondence in shape and carriage, and this is as it should be, judges holding that the one should be a miniature of the other. They are pretty miniatures too! It has been the very reverse of a good year for poultry-rearing, and it says worlds for the skill of the poultryman, labouring under difficulties as he was, that he could turn out birds in such perfect and exquisite condition. But even as a good workman does not complain of his tools, so one skilled in poultry-rearing will manage to attain results in defiance of weather, climate, and geographical position.



SEBRIGHT BANTAMS.

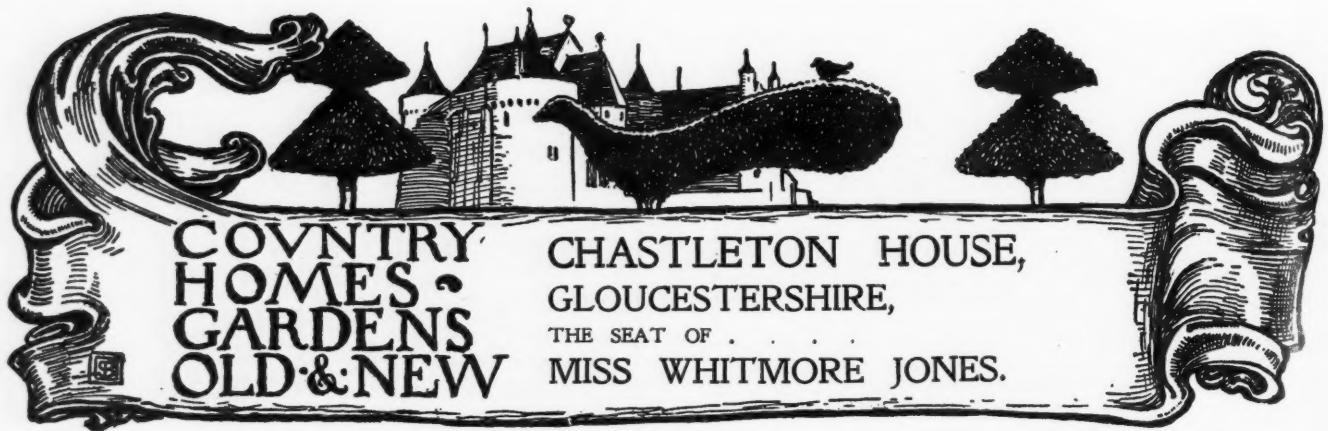
weather has not yet been satisfactorily solved. But the poultryman in no wise confines himself to this utilitarian view. The place is singularly rich in fine specimens of the various breeds. It is somewhat curious to find the Aylesbury ducks so excellently well represented in a place far from their original home; but those of our readers who are interested in poultry will need no telling that for some time past the name of Lady Home has figured conspicuously in the prize lists of the various shows. In the flock shown are many birds that may reasonably be expected to win distinction at the coming exhibitions. We also show a fine young drake. Unfortunately he was moulting when taken, and is therefore not seen to full advantage, but his wide breast and general figure proclaim that his quality is of the best. The handsome Rouen ducks are also worth attention. For crossing purposes, to produce ducklings that come on quickly and lay on breast meat fast, they are very serviceable, and it is chiefly for this purpose they are kept. It would not be easy to find a more typical specimen of her breed than the dark Dorking hen which forms the subject of another picture. Crossed with Indian Game this species, under favourable circumstances, gives the best table bird, but, as has been already explained, the situation here does not suit them to perfection. As a "general purpose fowl" the Orpington is nearly as good as may be found, despite the purists who vow it is only a mongrel. Whatever be the truth as regards that, it is certain that the breed as a rule are capital layers, and the chickens are plump, weighty, and of good appearance. For this particular part of the world the breed is found as useful as the more popular cross is in the South. The cock shown is a very good specimen of his kind. Silver Wyandottes combine prettiness with sound qualities, and a very handsome bird has been chosen for illustration. The breed is a "new" one—by which we do not mean that



C. Reid.

DARK DORKING HEN.

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THE house which we illustrate to-day is interesting in many ways. To look at it one would say that its grey walls must have witnessed a good deal of history, and have beheld the daily lives of some persons of note. It would be a surmise amply justified by the facts.

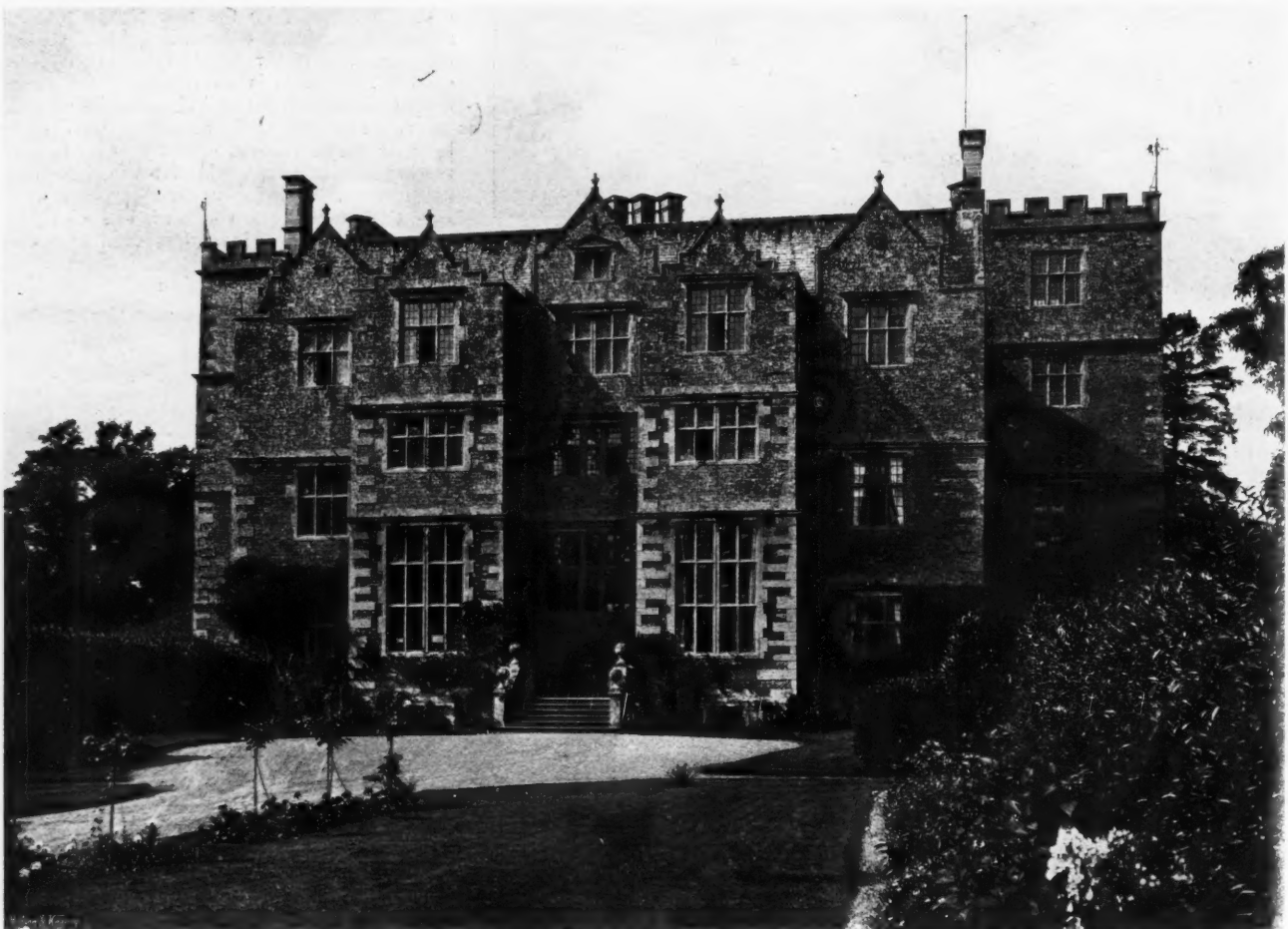
Obviously Chastleton belongs to a large class of country mansions, built in somewhat opulent times, and possesses those outward characteristics of architecture which took shape in Tudor and Jacobean days, though touched with a certain element of severity not found in all of them. Charming, certainly, the house is in form and character, richly plished within with such characteristic examples of the wood-carver's art as generally distinguished houses of the date, and, without, adorned with gardens fully appropriate to its style.

Centuries before the present Chastleton House was built, there had been dwellers of importance on the spot. The Conqueror granted Cestreton, as the place was then called, to a Saxon thane named Wigod, and with his daughter it passed to the great Norman family of D'Oyley. It was perhaps one of this house who first took name from the place, but the Cestretons did not continue long, their estate passing to the family of Trillow, of whom Sir John, in 1333, added the south aisle to the church which Bardolf de Cestreton had built. From the Trillows the manor passed to Sir John Bishopsden, and with Sir John's daughter Philippa to Sir William Catesby. Their

son, William Catesby, was the somewhat famous Minister of Richard III., and Speaker of the House of Commons in 1484, who was taken at the battle of Bosworth and put to death. Henry VII. confiscated the estates, but they were restored to William Catesby's son George in 1496, and continued with his family until they came to Robert Catesby, author of the Gunpowder Plot.

Catesby was one of those who had suffered very severely under the penal laws in the time of James. Driven to desperation, after a licentious youth, he turned with fervid zeal to the faith he had foresworn, and in sinister conditions conceived that monstrous plot which it is difficult to imagine how any human mind could have harboured—the plan of blowing up the Parliament House, and of involving in common destruction the King, Lords, and Commons who had framed and executed the penal laws. It does not appear that this wild conspiracy took shape within the walls of Chastleton—certainly not in the existing house—for Catesby had sold the estate to Walter Jones for £4,000 in 1602. It is said that he designed the purchase-money for the raising of a troop of horse in aid of Philip of Spain, who contemplated another attack upon England, and it is not at all unlikely that some of the money was expended in furthering the sinister scheme against the King, Lords, and Commons.

The existing house was built by the new possessor, a





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CENTRE OF BOX GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

substantial woollen merchant of Witney, of whom it is related that he came from the old line of Jones of Grismont, county Glamorgan, whose pedigree stretches back to legendary Brute, and through the mists of ages even to King Priam, in those times when Zeus from the Heights of Olympus directed the armies of Greeks and Trojans upon the plains of Ilium. The judicious may perhaps refrain from investigating this heroic genealogy, but will discover in the later chain that the family inter-married with Tudor, Herbert, and many other noble houses, and gave many a son who fought under the Red Dragon of Wales. For us the interest of Walter Jones is that he was the builder of the imposing house depicted. He married Eleanor Pope, maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, whose father was Henry Pope, the Queen's jeweller, and her uncle Sir Thomas Pope of Wroxton. It is believed, upon the faith of tradition, that Mr. Jones was his own architect, and, if that

be so, he designed well and built substantially. The house was begun in 1603, and appears to have been finished about 1614.

The estate at the time was not so large as now, and the new mansion stood at one end of it, adjacent to the church, as we may see. Henry Jones followed in possession—a gentleman learned in the law—whose bedroom is still called "the Doctor's Chamber," because it was appropriated to his use. The next

owner threw in his lot with the King, and followed the standard of Charles through the varying fortunes of the war, but, after that monarch's execution, lived quietly at Chastleton until 1651. Then once more he took arms in the cause of Charles's son, and appears to have been with him on the fatal field of Worcester.

Legends or histories record his home-coming. Mistress Jones, who was a daughter of a London merchant, lying awake at night full of fears for



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THE DOVECOTE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

OLD GARDEN OF CLIPPED BOX.

her husband, heard the footsteps of a weary horse entering the stable-yard. Hastily dressing, she stole downstairs and admitted her husband, all breathless from his flight, who sank into a chair, and, asking for food and wine, told the melancholy tale. Even while he was telling it, the fearful ears of his wife heard the hoofs of other horses approaching. Strangers were coming—Roundheads in pursuit of the fugitives—but the weary man, altogether spent, had no strength to fly. He sought

refuge therefore in a secret chamber, which is still shown, while his wife admitted the sour-visaged pursuers. They would not credit her report that she had in the house none but her feeble father-in-law, her children, and her maid. The tired horse in the stable had told another tale, and they sought through the house, sounding the floors and walls with their pikes and muskets. Failing, however, to discover the secret hiding-place, they



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CROQUET LAWN AND CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

expressed their intention of supping in the lady's chamber, from which it was approached. With a trembling hand but an alert mind did Mistress Jones arouse her maids, and set about the preparation of the meal. Into the wine some drowsy drug was infused—poppy or mandragora, perhaps—brewing thus a potion that should steal away the Roundheads' brains and rob them of "the pith and marrow of their attribute." Lustily they enjoyed the heavy-headed revel, until, one by one, sleep overcame

them all; whereupon their hostess crept in and released her husband, who straightway on the captain's horse made good his escape. Loud were the imprecations of the deluded Puritans on the muzzy-headed morn when, with aching pates, they rose from the night's carouse to find the quarry flown. A fine was laid on the estate, but it was paid, and has ever since remained with the descendants of the Cavalier.



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SCREEN IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE LONG GALLERY.



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STRANGE FANCIES IN BOX.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"



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ELÉPHANT AND YOUNG.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"

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The Bible which Charles presented to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold is in Miss Whitmore Jones's possession, as well as many other relics of the time, including a finely-executed miniature of the King on copper, so contrived that transparencies may be placed over it upon which are various pictures representing the different phases of the Monarch's chequered career. Moreover, two oaks on the estate were planted to commemorate the Restoration, and still stand at the bottom of what are known as the "Home Splatts." Successive members of the same family continued to hold the estate—Henry, Walter, and others. In 1694 Walter Jones married Anne, daughter of Richard Whitmore of Slaughter, and their son Henry, also a Jacobite, ended by wasting his substance; but Henry's son John, who never married, did a great deal to improve the estate and house. Here-roofed the mansion and carefully repaired its masonry. He appears to have been an eccentric gentleman, for Miss Whitmore Jones, who has written a brief account of her house, says that, when the workmen had left off, he used to go with his knife and try to pick out the mortar from between the stones, and if he succeeded, the



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THE WHITE PARLOUR.

"C.L."

work was begun again. While it was in progress, he covered the courtyard gates with furze to disappoint the undue curiosity of visitors. Neither Mr. John Jones nor his brother Arthur left any direct heir, but the estate was bequeathed to John Whitmore, then a boy of fourteen, who was the son of a cousin, and in 1828 the new heir, who had added the name of Jones to his own, and had married a daughter of Colonel Clutton of Pensax Court, removed to Chastleton House, which again became a centre of life in the country. Mr. Whitmore Jones, who was universally popular, lived the true life of a country gentleman, maintaining and improving his estate, and ever looking after the welfare of his tenants and neighbours.

Miss Whitmore Jones, in her notes upon Chastleton House, recounts one fact in relation to her father which should be of particular interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. In 1850 his tenant at Chastleton Hill died, and the farm was thrown on his hands. Having disposed of all his farming stock, he thought the season's cultivation of the land would be lost, but neighbouring farmers came to his aid, and offered, if he would provide seed corn and bread and



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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

cheese and beer, to give him a "love haul." The day was fixed, and Mr. Jones rode up the hill to see the men at work. "A wonderful sight met his view. No less than sixty-eight ploughs, ten of them double ones, were at work. The horses were dressed out in ribbons, and the men wore clean smock frocks. Altogether the scene had a most animated appearance, and resembled almost a mighty fair. One hundred acres were ploughed, harrowed, and nearly sown in that one day, and the only regret expressed was that more farmers had not heard of the proposal." Mr. Whitmore Jones lived until 1853, and all his four sons having died, the estate devolved upon his eldest daughter, the present possessor.

The general aspect of the old house has been alluded to, and the illustrations are all-sufficient as a description. The structure is of grey stone and has not been altered in any way. It is quadrangular, with the Dairy Court in the middle, and thus retains the character even of an older period than that in which it was built. Internally the work is very fine, and the hall has a notable oak screen, with two segmental arches between elaborated columns, and with richly carved entablatures. The panelling is also old and good, and the furniture mostly of the period. There is also much ancient armour, some of it belonging to the Civil Wars. The Drawing-room, or Great Chamber, is also very characteristic, with enriched panelling, a splendid armorial mantel-piece, and a plaster ceiling with pendants. The mullioned windows and Chippendale furniture complete a charming interior. The White Parlour, another finely panelled chamber, opens from the hall, and the Chestnut Parlour is interesting for its pictures and deep cupboards full of old china. The Catesby Room is also interesting, and there are the Cavalier Chamber, from which the secret room is reached, the State Room, the Library, and, above all, the very remarkable Long Gallery, with its impressive panelling and its waggon-headed ornamental ceiling—all very remarkable apartments. Indeed, Chastleton House will cede to few mansions of its kind in the interest of its interior. The Long Gallery is at the top of the house, and runs the whole length of the front, as was customary.

We may now ascend to the tower, whence the prospect is very fine and extensive. Hence, on a clear day, the three spires of Coventry may be seen, and on every hand is spread a wide and interesting prospect. The gardens and grounds have interests of their own, and the former are appropriate in style to the house they adorn. The principal and characteristic feature is the pleasure of clipped box, which is illustrated in several of the pictures. Here, enclosed within a circular hedge, are many



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THE STATE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

curious bushes, standing like some fantastic ring of servitors about the central sundial. They are of odd and nameless shapes, toads or elves, perhaps—certain of them resembling somewhat an elephant with her young; some of them formed in rings and globes, but all of them curious and interesting. Such a garden would not be formed in these days. Antiquity is written upon it, though the precise date of the curious garden-age is unknown to us. Evidently it belongs to an earlier time, when delight was taken in such quaint conceits. There is no lack of floral adornment, but the box garden is the great feature. There are ample lawns and borders, and everywhere the trees are particularly fine. The turf walks and formal flower-beds add to the attraction of the place, and in another part of the grounds are the tennis lawns, formed on what was originally the bowling green. There is a memorial of the Jacobite times in the three Scotch firs which stand at the end of the garden by the churchyard. Trees of the kind were extensively planted by the friends of the Pretender before the rising of 1745, and Mr. Henry Jones of that time was an ardent Jacobite, and a leading spirit in a Jacobite club in Gloucester. The attractive features of the gardens



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OLD GARDEN APPROACH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

will not escape those who examine our pictures, which, indeed, describe the place better than words can, and the surrounding grounds are full of sylvan charm. The old stone dovecote is particularly worthy of notice.

THE DIGNITY OF THE SUITS.

ASK any Bridge player why the suits should stand relatively towards one another as they do—why hearts should stand at the head of the hierarchy, diamonds next, then clubs, and, finally, spades lowest of all—and the chances are a hundred to one that he will be unable to give any reason. He will probably reply that as there had to be some order, this is as good as any other; or, if very learned in the history of cards, he may urge that it is derived from the old Spanish game of Tresillo, which appears to have been very much the same thing as that of Ombre at which our great-grandmothers offered up the property of their descendants.

Yet there is a real and a very curious reason why the suits should stand in their present order; but to discover it one must go to that odd little book "The Square of Sevens," produced in 1731 by Mr. Robert Antrobus, "a gentleman of Bath," which was printed by the great John Gowne, of the Mask Book-shop, and of which the original, and until recently only, edition is so scarce that neither the British Museum nor the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale possesses a copy. Horace Walpole was very anxious to see it, for, in a letter dated from Strawberry Hill, he expresses himself as "desirous of getting hold of that damned, queer old fortune-telling book by Bob Antrobus"; but it would seem that he never succeeded in obtaining a copy.

Its history, as told in the Preface to the present edition, is very curious and entirely befitting a magical treatise. The aforesaid Antrobus was called by his affairs to the little village of Tretelly in Cornwall, and there found and succoured, as best he could, a dying gipsy, whom he calls "Mr. George." This man is said to have been learned to an extraordinary degree in all the peculiar lore of his tribe, but he had either been cut off or had renounced them, and was ready enough to teach the kindly Giorgio the secret of reading *dukkeripeus*, and of the ancient magic which he declared was "known to only a few of all the families of Egypt." As the last and highest mark of his confidence he disclosed to Antrobus the "Square of Sevens," the most potent method of making the cards unfold the secrets of the future. Antrobus published it in the book now before me, but the entire edition, with the exception of about a dozen copies, was destroyed

in a fire, and he seems to have wanted either the means or the inclination to issue another.

Into the method prescribed in dealing with the cards it is fortunately unnecessary to go. It suffices to say that it is not more or less puerile than those familiar to everybody, but it is vastly complicated, and there can be very little doubt that it does really represent that ancient practice of reading *dukkeripeus*, which is now almost a lost art, even among gipsies of the pure blood. The interest of the book for the modern card-player lies not in the construction of its mysterious "Parallelogram," its "Master Cards," or its "Influences," but in the light it throws upon an arrangement which has generally been thought to be purely arbitrary. The secret is revealed with sufficient clearness in the text, so that no apology is needed for a somewhat extensive quotation.

After constructing his parallelogram out of the cards in the prescribed manner, the enquirer is bidden to "observe it as an Whole, and remark if it hath

an Agreeable or Unpleasing Aspect—one Auspicious or Unkind, according as it contains rather the red or the black Suits. For a Red Aspect is kindly. A Black Aspect contains many less favourable cards, especially if they be Spades." (To what Bridge-player's heart does this not appeal?) "And for another Matter and a wider Notice as to the Suits of Cards—it has long been assured by those best knowing Card Intelligencies that the Suit of Hearts is the Suit of the Affections, Passions, Fancies, and Feelings. And the Suit of Diamonds ever refers to Conditions in Life, Society, Wealth, Position and the Fine Arts; and contains many Comfortable Cards. In the Clubs lies the Judgment, the Intellect, the Will, and the Affairs of a Man's Brains, and what he doeth of his own Mastery and Genius." (Perhaps this is why it is so dangerous to double a Club call.) "The Spades is ever the suit of doubtful or worse Prognosticks; of the Events that arbitrarily fall to Man's Lot, those things which hardly can any Prescience or Plans or Conditions of our own making amend. Thence it is that in



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THE DOCTOR'S CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

especiall comes a serious, nay even a gloomy, appearance to the Parallelogram."

Friend Antrobus might in the last two sentences have been expressing his opinion on a hand at Bridge, a game with which he and other good fellows, I trust, beguile the time in the perpetual Asphodel Meadows. Be that as it may, the curious mass of Black Art which he succeeded in extracting from "Mr. George" shows pretty clearly why we now reckon the suits in the order of hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades, though where the gipsies originally got the idea from is as obscure as ever, and is likely to remain so. Perhaps the Chinese, who are said to have invented cards, together with everything else, could throw some light on the matter.

MICHAEL TEMPLE.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE latest addition to the "COUNTRY LIFE Library" is *Roses for English Gardens* (Newnes), and it will be thrice welcome all over the English-speaking world. For in it Miss Gertrude Jekyll and Mr. Edward Mawley have collaborated, and that is precisely the kind of alliance which is required for the production of a perfect book upon that which is unquestionably the well-beloved and most perfect of flowers in the English garden. Such a book is at once a literary and a horticultural event, deserving to be celebrated with a joyous flourish of trumpets by all those who like pure and strong literature and also by every person who is convinced that the great and ever-growing interest in gardening, of which Miss Jekyll speaks in her preface, is a sign of the wholesome condition of the national mind. Out of the development of a taste for gardening, which is so marked a feature of the age, have arisen very naturally a whole crop of books more or less about gardening which, if not rank weeds, are at least poor and weakly growths. I can name a dozen books and more which are to the standard works of Miss Jekyll as the suckers in a neglected rose garden are to the standard roses. But she is the high priestess of her craft, the one person, perhaps, in the whole of England who most thoroughly understands horticulture as a complete art upon broad and beautiful lines. Moreover, it is fortunate, and something more than fortunate, that in this volume Miss Jekyll should have for associate one who is *par excellence* a scientific grower of roses for exhibition purposes, who is able to tell the reader, with the authority of complete knowledge and experience, exactly what to do with each rose in every kind of soil, so as to produce the best possible result. The two experts, in fact, fill in the whole picture; and the result is a book, most profusely and beautifully illustrated, which, taken as a whole, treats the rose and the rose garden not so much from a new point of view, as from more points of view than will be found in any other book.

Miss Jekyll's country is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a good rose country. Probably, in the somewhat hungry soil of the hillside which she has converted into an earthly Paradise, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to produce specimen roses for exhibition without practically replacing the soil to a great depth with something quite foreign to the district. Even then the labour and the cost would have to be expended many times over. *Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret* is a maxim which is geologically true as well as horticulturally. There are kinds of soil which will eat manure, and the sandy ground of a Surrey hillside is one of them. But what you can grow there to the greatest possible advantage are the rambling and climbing roses, of which, during recent years, there has been so tremendous a development, including Turner's Crimson Rambler, of Japanese origin, the rose-coloured Dawson, the yellow Aglaia, the Waltham Rambler, Bardou Job, Wichuriana, and a score besides; and you can do much, too, with the old-fashioned garden roses, Damask and Provence and Cabbage, and with all the briars. Miss Jekyll tells one, with no uncertainty of tone, exactly how to use each and all of them in the most effective manner as parts of the garden picture, and she is particularly emphatic as to the value of a dark background. Perhaps she is most distinct and useful on the subject of the pergola, which, in skilful and intelligent hands, can be so wonderfully good and effective, whereas thoughtlessly employed or flimsily constructed, it can be an eyesore and an outrage. Her language cannot be improved upon, and I give it in the original form, premising only that every word of it will be endorsed by all men and women of taste:

"A rose pergola should be so placed that it is well seen from the sides. One whose purpose is merely to make a shady way is better covered with leafy growths of vine, Aristolochia or Virginia Creeper, for if they have not free air and space at the sides the roses will merely rush up and extend skyward where they cannot be seen.

"But a pergola that crosses some open grassy space, such as might divide two portions of a garden, or that forms a middle line in the design of one complete garden scheme, is admirably suited for roses, and a broad turf walk on each side will allow them to be seen to the best advantage.

"Here it may be well to observe that a structure such as this, which is of some importance of size and appearance, cannot just be dabbed down anywhere. It ought to lead distinctly from some clear beginning to some definite end; it should be a distinct part of a scheme, otherwise it merely looks silly and out of place. If there is no space where it will be clearly right it is better not to have it. There are arrangements less binding to definite design, such as pillars of roses, or arches at a cross-walk, and many free uses on fences, trees, and unsightly places. An arbour seat is always a good ending to a pergola, and a place where ways meet often suggests a suitable beginning. Such a place may be glorified by circular or octagonal treatment, with a central tank or fountain, and pillars of roses to mark the points of the octagon or relative points on the circumference. But space, proportion, and the nature of the environment must all be considered; indeed, in this, as in the very smallest detail of procedure in garden design, just the right thing should be done or it is better let alone.

"In small gardens in which there is no general design, there often occurs some space where one department gives place to another—as when flower garden adjoins vegetable ground—where a short pergola-like structure of two or three pairs of posts may be quite in place and will form a kind of deepened archway. Such an arrangement in iron is shown in the illustration, where it makes a pleasant break in an awkward corner, where there is a mixture of wall and flower border and a turn of the path.

"The pergola proper should be always on a level, and should never curl or twist. If a change of level occurs in its length in the place where it is proposed to have it, it is much better to excavate and put in a bit of dry wall right and left and steps at the end, either free of the last arch or with the last two pairs of piers carried up square to the higher level, so as to give as much head-room at the top step as there is in the main alley.

"There is a great advantage in having solid piers of masonry for such structures; piers of 14in. brickwork are excellent, and in some districts even monoliths of stone can be obtained; but often the expense of stone or brickwork cannot be undertaken, and something slighter and less costly must be used."

But perhaps the most charming passage in the book, and the one which best illustrates Miss Jekyll's character, is that in which, in the clearest language, she sketches for the benefit of her readers the rose garden of her dreams:

"So the thought comes that the rose garden ought to be far more beautiful and interesting

than it has ever yet been. In the hope of leading others to do more justice to the lovely plants that are only waiting to be well used, I will describe and partly illustrate such a rose garden as I think should be made. In this, as in so much other gardening, it is much to be desired that the formal and free ways should both be used. If the transition is not too abrupt the two are always best when brought into harmonious companionship. The beauty of the grand old gardens of the Italian Renaissance would be shorn of half their impressive dignity and of nearly all their poetry, were they deprived of the encircling forest-like thickets of arbutus, evergreen oak, and other native growths. The English rose garden that I delight to dream of is also embowered in native woodland, that shall approach it nearly enough to afford a passing shade in some of the sunny hours, though not so closely as to rob the roses at the root.

"My rose garden follows the declivities of a tiny, shallow valley, or is formed in such a shape. It is approached through a short piece of near home woodland of dark-foliaged trees, for the most part evergreens—yew, holly, and Scotch fir. The approach may come straight or at a right angle; a straight approach is shown in the plan. As it belongs to a house of classic design and of some importance, it will be treated, as to its midmost space, with the wrought stone steps and balustraded terraces, and such other accessories as will agree with those of the house itself.

"The bottom of the little valley will be a sward of beautifully kept turf, only broken by broad flights of steps and dwarf walls where the natural descent makes a change of level necessary. The turf is some 30ft. wide; on either side rises a retaining wall crowned by a balustrade. At the foot of this, on the further side, is a terrace whose whole width is about 24ft. Then



HANGING GARLANDS ON A ROSE PERGOLA.

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CLIMBING AIMEE VIBERT BY A COTTAGE DOOR.

another and higher retaining wall rises to nearly the level of the wooded land above. This has no parapet or balustrade. The top edge of the wall is protected by bushy and free-growing roses, and a walk runs parallel with it, bounded by rambling roses on both sides. On the wooded side many of the roses run up into the trees, while below sweet brier makes scented brakes and tangles.

"The lawn-level has a narrow border at the foot of the wall, where, on the sunnier side, are roses that are somewhat tender and not very large in growth. On the terraces there are roses again, both on the side of the balustrade and on that of the retaining wall. The balustrade is not covered up or smothered with flowery growths, but here and there a rose from above comes foaming up over its edge and falls over, folding it in a glorious mantle of flower and foliage. It is well where this occurs that the same rose should be planted below and a little farther along, so that at one point the two join hands and grow together.

"So that there would be the quiet lawn spaces below, whose cool green prepares the eye by natural laws for the more complete enjoyment of the tinting of the flowers, whether strong or tender, and there is the same cool green woodland carried far upward for the outer framing of the picture. In no other way that I can think of would beautiful groupings of roses be so enjoyably seen, while the whole thing, if thoroughly well designed and proportioned, would be one complete picture of beauty and delight."

I have not hesitated to give extracts of considerable length because, emphatically and without any affectation of modesty, I am sure that Miss Jekyll can express her own views better than anybody can summarise them. But a very false impression would remain if the extracts were left alone to represent a book of a very comprehensive character. There is no artistic difficulty in connection with roses which Miss Jekyll does not solve. She shows how they may be used to fill up ugly corners, to close unsightly structures, as hedges and on trellises, as mantles for the naked limbs of dead trees, as an adjunct to evergreens and deciduous trees. Particularly suggestive is she with regard to the potentialities, as yet but half realised, of roses training over the edges of walls or rolling in flowery profusion over rough grass banks. She tells you, too, how to cut them and how to arrange them for the table.

It were, however, unjust to pass away from this volume without a few words of earnest gratitude to Mr. Mawley for the very practical chapters which he contributes upon the growing of roses for exhibition. No man knows the subject better, no man has treated it more lucidly, and the diagrams with which his part of the book is illustrated, as well as by photographs of perfect blooms, are of distinct value. Speaking as a practical rosarian in a small way, I think that Mr. Mawley's directions, plus the diagrams, are likely to be more helpful to me than any which are to be found in the literature of the rose garden. To say that the beginning and the end of the whole matter is that success can be attained only by the expenditure of immense personal pains and of unremitting attention, and that the finger and thumb are far and away the most effectual insecticides, is to say what every real lover of roses knows well already. Take it for all in all, this book excels all others as an exposition of the

manner in which to treat the best of English flowers either as a part of a garden, in the largest sense of the word, which shall be a picture, or from the florists' point of view. CYGNUS.

SAVE for the Christian Scientists, with whom I regret to say that I have no sympathy whatsoever, there is abundance of food for laughter in *The New Christians*, by Percy White (Hutchinson). The idea perhaps is somewhat thin by comparison with those which underlie "Mr. Bailey-Martin" and "The West End," works which secured for their author quite a considerable reputation. The story is that of a preacher of the New Christianity, who was also a sybarite and an epicure, and of his final exposure. Eustace Fenner was not a conscious impostor, to start with; he was rather, as described by the author, "a man of great emotional possibilities, considerable eloquence, and exceeding tact." He was also good-looking and elegant, and much beloved of the ladies who joined the sect which he founded, some of them in all sincerity, others merely because it was the smart thing. But he had no moral courage and no physical courage either, except when he was in a passion, and the result was that the moment temptation, in the shape of a veiled bribe of £500, was offered to him, he fell at once, and his downfall at the end was pretty thorough and complete. To begin with, it is quite conceivable that Eustace was rather inclined to believe in the very hazy doctrines which he preached to ladies, mostly elaborately dressed and glowing with freshly acquired zeal for a creed equally capable of curing a cancer and converting a criminal. He did not hold with miracles or with faith-healing in cases of structural misadventure—a broken leg, for example—or as a remedy for worldly troubles. But there came to him one Cranley, when his worldly troubles were at their worst, with a story of a cock-and-a-bull, otherwise of some wonderful stones, said to have been engraved by Saint Peter and to be possessed of marvellous healing powers. Eustace did not believe in those stones, of course, but his weak rather than dishonest mind allowed him to persuade himself that it would be quite a right thing to take the £500 from Cranley and to permit the fact of the existence of the stones to be mentioned in the *Torch*, which was the journalistic organ of the new religion. That was all Cranley wanted; for it was a simple matter for him to get hold of the indigent companion of Lady Elsmuir, one of the fashionable adherents of the new sect, and to work a pretended cure of a relaxed throat, which had never been relaxed. This naturally produced a schism, causing Lady Elsmuir and the Cranleyites to form a sect of their own, while the New Christians of more serious temperament were a good deal disgusted. Foremost among them was Mrs. Galbraith, a rich and beautiful widow, who had been endeavouring for some time to convert to the cause Mrs. Lee, another rich and beautiful, but also heart-broken, widow, the daughter of one Selby. Now Selby was a cynical, comfort-loving man of the world, who desired nothing less than the marriage of his daughter, and had formed a plan of himself marrying Mrs. Galbraith, and it did not take him long to find out all the facts and to blackmail Eustace into holding a meeting at which he was to denounce Cranley as an impostor. At that meeting Cranley and Eustace had a hand-to-hand fight, excepting that Eustace forgot the rules and kicked; and the apple-cart of the New Christianity was finally and completely upset.

The story has not been completely told; perhaps it is hardly worth telling, for the moral fall of Eustace is somewhat too rapid to be natural, and although one can quite understand his proposing, in rapid succession, to Mrs. Galbraith and Mrs. Lee, his fooling with a flower-girl is not in harmony with what little character he possesses.



ROSE FELICITE PERPETUE ON A GARDEN ARCH.

Moose-hunting, Salmon-fishing, and other Sport in Canada, by T. R. Pattillo (Sampson Low), is a nice little book of gossip, the effect of which is admirably summed up in a pre-atory note by Mr. R. B. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, who appears to have gone through the MS. and licked it into shape a little. "Reading these pages," says Mr. Marston, "is like listening to the stories of a genial companion when out on a sporting expedition." That is exactly the right description of the book. Those who expect more of it will be disappointed; those who expect so much and no more will be well pleased.

Denis, by Mrs. E. M. Field (Macmillan), is a book of 1,414 closely-printed pages, which, regarded as a story, cannot be said to be possessed of marked merit. It is, however, of considerable value and interest as a somewhat chaotic picture of the normal state of Ireland; and there is no reason to doubt that a large number of the incidents recounted in it are actually true. "It advances no theory, it upholds no political doctrine, nor does it seek to espouse

the cause of peasant against proprietor, or proprietor against peasant." Its aim is to be the relation of actual incidents, to throw some light on circumstances and characteristics too often unknown and ignored, which yet are vital factors in that vast and ever-recurring problem, the Irish Question." That is the best and the worst of it. From a series of vivid pictures of rural life in Ireland, the impression left is one of sadness and almost of despair.

Miss Mary Linskill writes of the Yorkshire dales in *Tales of the North Riding* (Macmillan) as one who knows and loves them. Her tales are all tinged with the melancholy that seems to belong to the dwellers among rugged hills and grey landscapes, and imbued with a religious spirit of a stern kind. Miss Linskill belongs to the school of theologians who are of opinion that a jealous Deity punishes with inexorable severity the human being who entertains a great human love, even if it be a mother's love for her child. To those who find this gloomy creed congenial, this book, of undoubted interest, can be warmly recommended.

THE ESSEX AMATEUR TROTTING CLUB.

AT a time when all sorts and conditions of men take such a keen interest in horse-racing, it is surprising that trotting matches do not attract more attention. Possibly this may be accounted for by the fact that the book-makers who cater for that class of betting-man who does not attend race-meetings, and who stakes his money on a horse he has never seen, have not taken up the matter to any great extent. Whatever the cause may be, there is no doubt that the efforts of a small number of real good sportsmen who have been striving for a number of years to bring this form of racing up to the level which it has attained on the other side of the Atlantic, have not received the amount of support which they deserved. It is pleasant, therefore, to be able to say that their continued efforts are slowly but surely being crowned with success, and those who attended the two days' meeting of the Essex Amateur Trotting Club at Parsloes Park last week can have no doubts on the subject. The attendance on the first day was a record one, and it was remarked that there were almost as many ladies as gentlemen present, and that they seemed to take a more



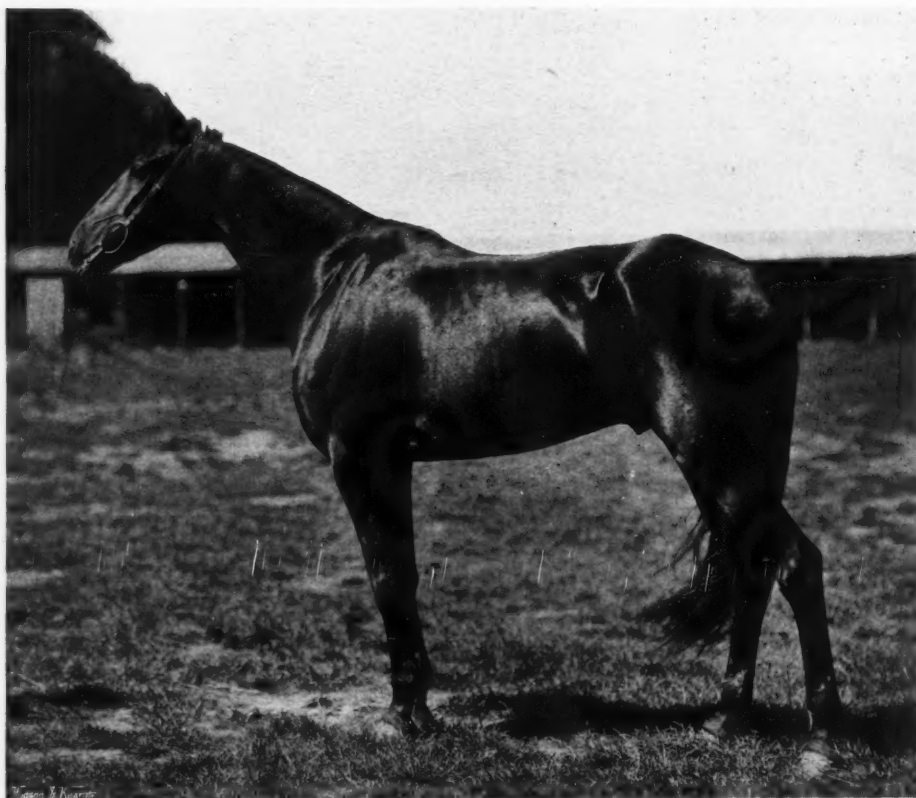
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DIRECTUM FAY.

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intelligent interest in the racing than the majority do at Ascot or Sandown; this is all for good. The brilliant weather enjoyed during the two days was, of course, a considerable factor in the success of the meeting, for a great number of the members of the club, as well as the casual visitors, drive to the course, and the main roads leading thereto almost rivalled the Epsom road on a Derby day. The East End element, in all manner of conveyances, was there in full force, for your coster is by no means a bad sportsman, and probably a driving competition appeals to him even more strongly than a race ridden by jockeys. He can and often does challenge a friend who "fancies his moke" to a race, and it is surprising how rapidly a good trotting donkey can get over the ground.

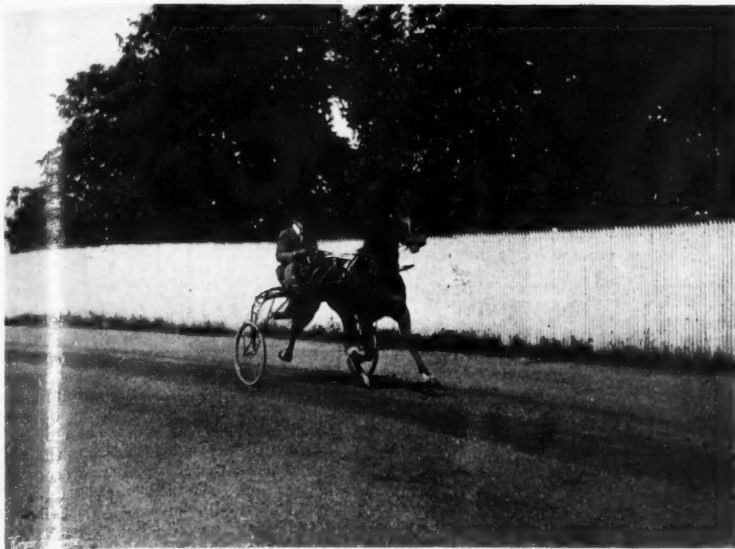
The principal event of the meeting was the race for the Coronation Cup, value £150, which was presented by the club to celebrate the Coronation of King Edward VII. This trophy was won easily by Mr. L. Winans's Miss Evelyn. The course was a mile and a-half, and the winner's time was 3min. 39 2-5sec. Mr. Walter Winans's splendid little horse Little Tobe secured the second place, with a difference of 2sec. It was a very popular win, and must have been most gratifying to the two brothers, who have done so much for trotting in this country. Their success is no doubt largely due to the knowledge acquired on the track in America, and there can be no question that we have a great



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ROY M.

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deal to learn from American trainers, though perhaps it would not be wise to adopt all their methods without duly considering the pros and cons. For instance, the curiosity of our representative was greatly aroused by the extraordinary bit

used by Directum Fay, and he made enquiries as to its use. He was told that the horse was not a puller, and the only explanation of the upright piece was that "it gave the horse something to lean his cheek on." Unless a better reason is forthcoming, it is not likely that we shall have many opportunities of seeing it on our English horses. One particular in which American racing differs very much from ours is in the use of the stop-watch as a means of judging of the merits of a horse, and it might very well be used by our trainers without diminishing the interest of the actual race in the least. Another significant fact is that several American trotters or pacers have broken records after having attained an age at which an English thorough-bred might very well have seen his grandson run in the Derby. Of course an American trotter does not do the hard work expected of our two year olds, and this fact is worthy of the careful consideration of those whose duty it is to look after the welfare of the English race-horse.

After the competition for the Coronation Cup, perhaps the most interesting event was the successful attempt of Roy M. and Eddie L. to break the British mile record, which till now has stood at 2min. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. They were driven by McGee, and easily accomplished the task set them by finishing the course in 2min. 35 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec., greatly to the delight of the spectators, who enthusiastically cheered both the driver and the owners, Messrs. Winans. Altogether it was a most successful two days' meeting, and it is to be hoped that the Essex Club will persevere in the work of raising the standard of English trotters and that the public will give them more encouragement.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

SILENT CUCKOOS.

July 10th

THE customs of the cuckoo seem to have been upset by this year's curious summer weather. Last year, faithful to the calendar, he "changed his tune" on the second day of June with us; but this year he continued to use only his "two old notes" until the beginning of July; and then—ceased singing altogether! This may be only a local aberration of the cuckoos in one neighbourhood, but it contrasts too markedly with the behaviour of the same

cuckoos, or their parents, in previous years to be without cause. One might suppose that all the male cuckoos had chanced to be killed or had strayed; but this is not the case, because one hitherto particularly noisy cuckoo, who roosted in a certain coppice and was almost always singing round a ring of near fields, can be identified by a twisted feather in his tail, easily noticed when he is flying; and he has been seen as regularly as usual, but he utters no sound.

THE EFFECT OF THE WEATHER.

What makes the silence of the male cuckoos appear the more peculiar is that at the same time the females have been more than usually loquacious. One can seldom stay out of doors for an hour without hearing a female cuckoo's curious giggling cry, and when this was uttered in May or June it invariably aroused several male cuckoos to respond excitedly. Now, even if one of them attends the summons, he does so in silence. Did the long succession of cold days in June mislead the male cuckoos to think that autumn had arrived and that love-making days were over, while the females, guided by functional periodicity, have followed the calendar rather than their notions of the weather? There are analogies in plenty to support this theory of the case; but what makes it improbable is that the cuckoos sang freely during the chilly weather and relapsed into silence in the midst of the hot spell.

DISTINGUISHING CUCKOO FROM HAWK.

Speculating upon these things yesterday, as I watched a silent cuckoo trailing its low and steady flight over a wide field of yellowing barley, I could not help noticing once more how very superficial is the bird's resemblance to a hawk in flight. Yet several swallows mobbed him as he flew, and when he curved his flight upwards to alight on his favourite poplar, a whole squadron of starlings, that were sunning themselves in the topmost branches before retiring to roost, hastily departed. Evidently they thought that this stranger with a long tail like a hawk and plumage like a sparrow-hawk's was a person to be avoided, although I, a long way off, could see quite plainly by his flight that he was no hawk at all, but a harmless cuckoo. This would seem the more curious because the

eyesight of birds for a hawk in the distance appears far superior to ours. Men who trap migrating peregrines in Norway use tethered grey shrikes to inform them of the approach of the falcon, and often in winter one hesitates to decide whether a swiftly passing bird is a hawk or a pigeon, whereas small birds in like case have no doubts whatever on the subject.

CHANGE OF MIMICRY.

The small birds would fare badly, however, if they had to wait until they could see the shades and patterns upon a hawk's plumage—if, that is to say, their vision at all resembles ours—before they took to flight, and it is therefore rather remarkable that, in the evolution of the cuckoo, Nature should have found it worth while to make it resemble any particular kind of hawk in the markings of its feathers. And what makes this resemblance to the sparrow-hawk the more extraordinary is that young cuckoos are much more like the comparatively harmless female kestrel. As the young of any

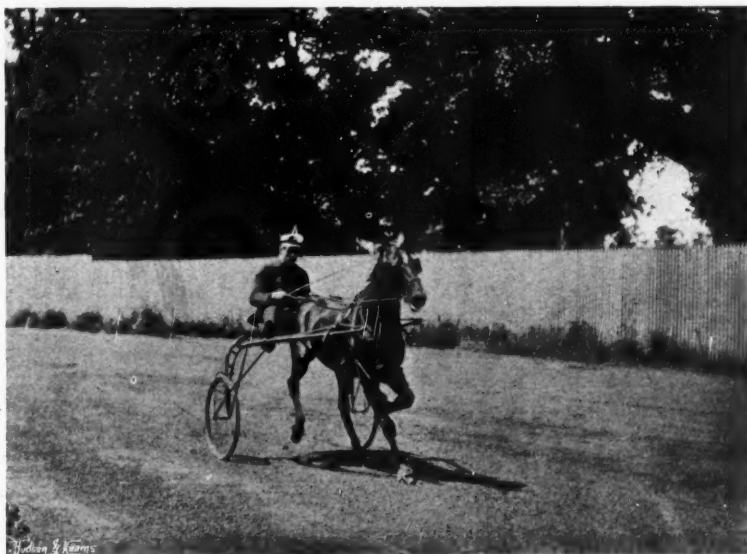
species always reproduce the characteristics of the species in an earlier stage of evolution, we must conclude that adult cuckoos formerly resembled kestrels rather than sparrow-hawks, and this change of plumage, from mixed ruddy brown to contrasting shades of grey barred with black, opens a wide door to speculation.



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EDDIE L.

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LITTLE TOBE.

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Does it mean that formerly the kestrel was as dreaded as the sparrow-hawk is now—in other words, that the kestrel's habit of feeding upon mice and insects, instead of small birds, is a comparatively modern innovation? Or does it mean that when the cuckoo first began to imitate a hawk there was little or no difference in appearance between sparrow-hawks and kestrels, and that while young cuckoos show us still what the original hawk was like, adult cuckoos have faithfully copied the variation of a dangerous type?

THE MEANING OF THE DISGUISE.

It would be easy to multiply such speculative explanations of the cuckoo's plumage; but the fact remains that, while in flight the bird's resemblance to a hawk is very superficial, its colouring at close quarters very distinctly suggests a particular and most dangerous kind of hawk. From this one may gather that the object of the cuckoo—if one may apply the phrase to its unconscious process of evolution—is not to scare birds at a distance (and what would it gain thereby?), but to overawe them from attacking it at close quarters. But why should the cuckoo apprehend attacks by small birds? To this question a ready answer would be that its habit of placing its eggs in small birds' nests demands some means of keeping the lawful owners of the nests at bay. But this answer only prepares the way for another question: Why does the cuckoo place its eggs in other birds' nests instead of building a nest of its own? Until we can answer this question we cannot quote the habit as the cause, because it may, on the other hand, be the effect, of the bird's resemblance to a hawk.

THE ORIGINAL CUCKOO'S TROUBLES.

Indeed, the only theory which I can advance to explain the cuckoo's various peculiarities is as follows: Originally, as a bird with insignificant claws and bill, and of rather feeble flight, the cuckoo would naturally from its large

size have been singled out for food by birds of prey; but a percentage always escaped, because the smaller hawks sometimes mistook them at a distance for other hawks. This life-saving resemblance would, of course, have been carefully cultivated by Nature, until to-day we see the cuckoo mimicking the fierce sparrow-hawk so closely, that one can easily imagine other hawks shying off when in the act to seize it. But, though this resemblance would stand the cuckoo in good stead where hawks were concerned, it would prove a great drawback in the nesting season, when small birds always mob a sparrow-hawk. The bird of prey may treat his puny assailants with contempt, but tits, wagtails, and finches would soon find out the cuckoo's weakness, and its nest would always be besieged by a crowd of angry little neighbours. Thus the cuckoo would become less and less able to keep up a home of its own the more it resembled a hawk, while it had to resemble a hawk as closely as it could in order to escape from other hawks.

DRIVEN TO BAD COURSES.

In this quandary Nature would come to its aid again. It is a common trick of many kinds of birds to lay an egg now and then in other birds' nests, and the cuckoo would have good excuse for doing so more and more frequently, until at last it gave up the habit of nest-building altogether and acquired a fixed instinct for foisting its children upon foster-parents. So strong is this instinct that to-day you may, if you are lucky, see the female cuckoo lay an egg upon the ground and then carry it to some small nest where she could not possibly have "laid" it, as birds ordinarily lay eggs in nests. At the same time, the male cuckoo appears to assist her by pretending to be a hawk and driving away the real owners of the nest until the deed is accomplished. Thus the resemblance to a hawk, which—according to this theory—was the cause of all the trouble, comes in usefully again in aiding the cuckoo to perpetrate the unnatural act to which it has been driven.

E. K. R.

LORD METHUEN'S HOME.

LORD METHUEN'S return from the war has occurred in a way to appeal to English sympathies. He was not Commander-in-Chief, and the splendid welcome so thoroughly deserved by Lord Kitchener would scarcely have been in place if offered to a subordinate. But Lord Methuen did his part nobly and well in the campaign, and if luck has not always been on his side, he nevertheless emerges with untarnished honour and a reputation for bravery exceeded by that of no other soldier. The modest and war-worn leader would have had his services publicly appreciated if it had not been his choice—a choice very consistent with his character—that he should retire

with the least amount of notice to his beautiful home, Cosham Court, in Wiltshire, of which we reproduce a couple of pictures. It has been in the possession of his family since 1746, and during the interval has been enriched with a fine collection of works of art, now arranged in the well-known room built by "Capability" Brown. Outside grow many splendid cedars and Oriental planes, one of the latter being considered one of the finest of its kind in England. The clipped yews are a treasured heritage, the elm avenue on the north side is exquisite, and the creeper-clad stables shown in our illustration speak for themselves. Nowhere in England could a pleasanter retreat be found for the war-worn and



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THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

wounded veteran, and we trust that a brief period spent there will see him whole of his wounds, and once more able to serve the country that owes so much to him.

RACING NOTES.

FONTEFRAC and Haydock Park in the North, Lewes and Lingfield in the South, made up an interesting week's racing, though probably as much or more attention was paid to future events as to those on the card for each day. The chances of the spoils of the St. Leger going to Ireland seem to be as great as ever; certainly the Irish division is extremely confident, and with the present year's success in mind their confidence seems fairly justified. The Grand National and the Derby, with other rich prizes, have gone to County Limerick, but I wish the horse was to finish his preparation under an English trainer. Steeplechasing preponderates in the Emerald Isle to such an extent that almost every Irish trainer's ideas are based on what is necessary for cross-country work. This is essentially different from what is needed to win classic races. If one hinted such a thing in Ireland one would have everyone at one in an instant, for there the base Saxon is universally looked on as knowing absolutely nothing about a horse. I once ventured to hint that I liked Newmarket ways best, and had a very hot time of it, but I laughed quietly to myself later on in the smoking-room when a well-known racing man, speaking of Thomondgate, who had won a race the day before, gave the whole case away by saying, "By Jove, he was looking perfectly splendid; he looked just as if he were trained in England."

The Makerfield Handicap at Haydock Park gave rise to a most exciting finish, three horses—Pledge, Ardandra, and the Outcry filly—making a dead heat of it. In the run-off Pledge led all the way and won easily, but was objected to for crossing, and disqualified. This raised a neat and, as far as I know, new point for the decision of the stewards, who had to decide whether Pledge was entitled to third place. Rule 145, sub-section iii., says: "If in running a dead heat either horse should be disqualified, it shall be decided by the stewards whether the disqualification shall extend to the loss of the second place, and if so the horse that originally ran third shall be entitled to the second place." There is no intimation as to what grounds of disqualification shall lead the stewards to entirely disqualify a horse; but presumably the intention is that if on the run-off grounds of objection are taken which would, if alleged after the first race, have disqualified the horse, they shall have the same effect when taken with regard to the run-off; for instance, wrong weight carried on both occasions, wrong nomination or an unpaid forfeit, it can hardly be contended that an incident occurring in the run-off which could have no effect on the horses not concerned should deprive a horse of his place. This was the view the stewards took of the matter, and as it is in their discretion there is little likelihood of the matter being carried further. The rule is, however, obscure, and whatever is obscure is dangerous, and it is to be hoped the stewards will bring the matter before the Jockey Club and get an authoritative ruling on the point. Dead heats of three are not common, but are not without precedent. In the Astley Stakes at Lewes, in 1880, T. Cannon, J. Goater, and Fordham rode a dead heat for first place, and F. Archer and Luke did the same for second place. It is further remarkable for the fact that Scobell, on whom 6 to 5 had been laid, was allowed to walk over for the deciding heat. At the Houghton Meeting in 1855 four horses could not be separated by the judge in a £10 sweepstakes, the only other runner being beaten half a length. The run-off in this case gave an exciting finish, as Overreach won by a head, half a length between second and third, and the same distance between third and fourth. Another dead heat of three occurred at Newmarket in 1877, and another at Sandown in 1882. In the latter case the conditions of the race were rather complicated, and when it was too late to make any objection it was discovered that the winner of the run-off had carried 5lb. too much and the third horse 5lb. too little.

The event of the week was the Lingfield Park Plate, which brought out a field of seven. As was anticipated, Ard Patrick and Veles did not put in an appearance, being presumably in reserve for the Eclipse Stakes. Fowling Piece, St. Windeline, and Pekin were the exponents of winning form, while Royal Minister, Belvoir, and Cairnryan claimed allowances. The public backed St. Windeline at 5 to 4 on and made no mistake, for she won her race with comparative ease by two lengths. Pekin was very fractious before the start, but when once the barrier was up he danced along in front with a considerable lead. One after the other the light weights had a try to deprive him of his place, and then Fowling Piece came up for a short distance, but was soon done with, and St. Windeline, on whom Kempton Cannon rode a most judicious race, came out and disposed of the leader without apparent effort, and won comfortably. How Pekin ever could be supposed to be a good Derby horse is a mystery. That he is a neat little horse with a considerable turn of speed must be admitted, but his form is a long way behind that needful to win classic races, even in a bad year.

The principal event on Saturday was the Great Foal Plate, and here backers were not quite so lucky, as they pinned their faith on Mixed Powder, though Our Lassie, Carlton Girl, and Mrs. Gamp were all backed for substantial sums. This must have been a very profitable race for the ring, as the winner turned up in Arabi, about whom 8 to 1 had been the current price and very little money put on at that.

The Eclipse Stakes is always a most interesting event, and one will be



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VIEW HEDGES AT CORSHAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

anxious to see whether Veles will run up to his form at the last Newmarket meeting. Should he do so he will make a good race of it with Ard Patrick, though I can hardly think it likely that he can beat the Derby winner. More danger will be found, I fancy, in Rising Glass, provided he has gone on well since Ascot, while Royal Lancer should not be far off.

While I write, Mr. Somerville Tattersall is busy with a most attractive list of brood mares and other stock in the sale paddocks, in which we seem destined to spend as much time as on the course this week. MENDIP.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOUSING OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

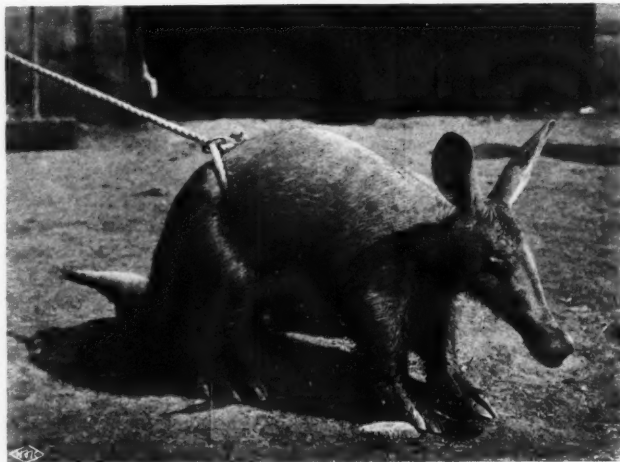
SIR,—Your leaderette in the Country Notes in the issue of July 5th on the report of the St. Faith's Rural District Council upon the housing accommodation at Great Witchingham, is full of interest. And I for one, as being deeply concerned generally in this puzzling question of the housing of the working classes, sincerely hope that many of your readers may be induced to give their observations and views upon this, and also upon the as yet undetermined causes of the migrations of the working classes from rural into urban districts. St. Faith's record is by no means an isolated one, it may read for almost any district in England or in Wales—from whence I write. Mr. Walter Crotch, in his little book, "The Cottage Homes of England," has very truly described these homes and all their insanitary circumstances, and the almost insuperable difficulties surrounding remedial measures. Insufficient accommodation is, as the report of the last Royal Commission upon this question has it, "physically and morally unwholesome and offensive." One has but to summarise the two-roomed cottage to see all that is "unwholesome." The living-room, besides for living and cooking in, serves also for laundry, back kitchen, wash-house, and larder. Fancy food kept in, cooked in, and eaten in an atmosphere of soap-suds and steam! And the single sleeping room also has to cover all, young and old, male and female, married and single. There can be no privacy, even at time of confinement, nor possibility of separation or of isolation during times of illness. And at times of death, the corpse has to share the same room, sometimes even the bed, with the living. What wonder, then, that the menkind are sent out of the way, to the public-house, or that with the mixing of the sexes the young people become immoral—too often very impurely so. Vigorous associations attack intemperance and impurity, in my humble opinion, too directly, and with an utter disregard of the exciting causes. These most estimable crusades should first be directed against the exciting causes—the insufficient and insanitary accommodations, the overcrowdings, and the mixing together of sexes in sleeping rooms. Have the rural dwellings here depicted anything to do with the migrations from the rural into the urban districts? I think but little, if anything, as the same conditions prevail in both. Is it a matter of wages or of money that these migrations are made for? Probably not, or at any rate not maintained for, as if more money is earned in urban districts more has to be spent in living, so that there is no gain. Is it for a more intellectual life, either in work or at leisure time? This may have something to add weight as a cause. For though a working man may not himself read, he likes to hear and to talk thoughtfully upon any question of the day, and a rapid intercourse quickens thought. In a rural district a craftsman is solitary and has no one to interchange ideas with. And beyond his work, he has no stake in the parish in which he lives. Mr. H. B. M. Buchanan, in the last June issue of the *Temple Bar Magazine*, has developed a scheme for preserving country labour, by farm-cottage holdings, which may retain the farm labourer to the country. But the bricklayer or stonemason, the carpenter and the blacksmith, must also be retained to the country. How? To the landowners this appears to be a momentous question—or will soon become so. Many congratulate themselves that their estates are without cottages, or have these unremunerative investments in diminishing numbers. But a day of reckoning will come, for farms cannot be worked and maintained without labour. And this impoverishing of the land

means also the impoverishing of the landlord. So that at last this big subject resolves itself into this—that whilst it is the duty of the District Council to see that houses in any way insanitary are not occupied, and that by circuitous ways they are empowered to build cottages, that the large land-owners have an equal interest in maintaining dwellings in all ways sufficient to the uses of their occupants, and in providing inducements to keep up the rural population.—J. LLOYD-ROBERTS.

THE EARTH-PIG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Tacitus asserts "Ex-Africa semper aliquid novis," and there seems to be every probability that what was true in his time is likely to be so for many a long year beyond these days of ours. More particularly is this the case in the realms of Nature in this wondrous continent. Indeed the longer I live out here, and the further I push my humble researches, the more surprised I am at the very small amount (comparatively speaking) of information obtainable as to the fauna and flora of these vast regions. I am sending you a photograph of a female aard-vark (earth-pig), commonly known as the "ant-eater," which our worthy commandant, Colonel A. T. Sloggett, C.M.G., R.A.M.C., was fortunate enough to secure for the quite remarkable collection of birds and beasts which with a true love of Nature he has made here. The *Orycteropus capensis*, from its nocturnal habits, and on account of its rapid powers of burrowing, is very rarely seen on the vast Karoo, or indeed in any part of South Africa. More seldom still can it be photographed, and I think myself very fortunate in being able to send you a picture which was taken by my friend Dr. Lancelot Hale (one of the civil surgeons attached here). Belonging to Order X of the mammalia—the *Edentata*—it is, like the *Edentata*, remarkable for having no front teeth, but differs from the latter in that it has no articular facet to the hinder trunk vertebrae. The specimen—a fine one, some 5ft. long—which we had here for some weeks, became rapidly tame, and to our great surprise gave birth to a young one (unfortunately still-born), this being, I am informed, quite a unique experience. As your readers will notice, the adult ant-eater much resembles a pig as regards skin, hair, flexible snout, etc. The claws are enormously powerful and excellently contrived for rapid burrowing. It is said that it possesses a greater muscular development in comparison to its size than any animal yet known to man. Unfortunately, although our ant-eater appeared at first to thrive, and took very kindly to milk porridge and such-like nourishment, it probably missed a due proportion of formic acid, and eventually sickened and died.—F. G. WRIGHT, Deelfontein.



A MOATED HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing in a former number of your paper a photograph of a moated house, I thought you might like to insert a photograph of this house, which I enclose. The moat shown herein used originally to partially encircle the house, but, as you will see, it now only runs along one side of it.—LAURA TICHBORNE.



RHODODENDRONS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As a greedy devourer of COUNTRY LIFE I was more than usually excited by the paper on rhododendrons in your issue of July 5th. I wrote at once to the largest grower, perhaps, in England asking for those named; the reply was, "We regret we cannot supply the rhododendrons you name, as we do not grow them"! If your contributor is not merely tantalising the harmless amateur, will he or she kindly say where these hybrids are to be obtained?—SURREY SAND.

[The article on rhododendrons in our issue of July 5th dealt chiefly with hybrids in the collection in the Royal Gardens, Kew. Many of these are of necessity unique, and difficult to procure from nurserymen, but some of them at least are, we know, in commerce. Write to Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sit ray, Royal Nurseries, Handsworth, Sheffield. This firm has long been famous as possessing a most comprehensive stock of these beautiful flowers, and they will be able to supply some of the hybrids we mention. But we doubt if it be possible to obtain all of them anywhere in the country.—ED.]

A SURPRISE AT BREAKFAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose what I consider may interest or amuse your readers—a small Minorca's egg inside a large one. It was served to me for breakfast, therefore

it is boiled. The break in the shell was caused by the egg-spoon. If you consider it worth noticing pray make use of it.—R. S. P., Cantley, Wokingham. [This is curious, but not very rare.—ED.]

THE ORIGIN OF BIRDS' SONG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Such small modest birds as the hedge-sparrow and wren, who creep perpetually under leaves and through thick briars, brought suddenly in their irresponsible wanderings on to a projecting bough, or an elevation such as wall or gate, looking overhead and all about them into uninterrupted light, break into spontaneous song. If the weather be bright, these short joyful verses are all the more frequently to be heard, but even when it is dull they are prompted by such light as there may be, which cannot fail to delight the little creatures issuing forth from the thicket. Many of these lovers of the undergrowth sing only from a point whence nothing intervenes between them and the open sky. A caged hedge-sparrow's note might, then, be uninteresting, but not so a wild one's instant happy canticle when he emerges on to the top of the garden hedge, into the glory of the light, which while guiding all the world is concentrated in his own black eyes and beautifying the laurel boughs beneath him by display of subtle colour contrasts. Some birds' songs are strongly influenced by the sounds that have been in the ears of their race for untold generations and which they hear all their lives. The hedge-warbler seldom leaves the banks of streams the echo of which is to be detected in his chattering song. He cannot produce the actual sound, but all unconsciously he reproduces the continuous, monotonous rhythm of running water, melting all his notes together without ever taking a

high one. The reed-warbler, on the contrary, living for the most part among rushes that stand in the river-beds checking and entangling both wind and water currents, pipes truer melody. His voice rises to the notes drawn by breezes out of hollow reeds, and sinks to those the bubbles make beneath the flaring lilies. Many birds, again, would seem to sing chiefly to hear their tunes taken up and flung from one to another until only the high notes, called shrilly from a stranger's throat, pierce the distance, and finally even they are lost. But who shall say from whence the nightingale, thrush, and blackcap draw their inspirations? Surely from every source Nature can lay open to them. They are among the chosen few to whom she entrusts the phrases in which her symphonies reach their heights. Into them she pours the fulness of her poetry and they sing it deliriously above the quiet hymns that sound through all the world. In a spring twilight, when all the thrushes in the universe would seem to strike up in concord, to exult in the mystic meeting of day and night, when in one's immediate surroundings one can listen to perhaps ten at once, it is wonderful to mark how their silver voices, lifting and falling, and changing second by second, still ever support each other. Four or five will render a glee with a regard for harmony so persistent and unbroken that it is hard to believe it unreasoning, as it of course must be.

Feathered minstrels will ascend to the very summit of the trees to sing when the sun is sinking; but while the blackbird, piping mournfully, watches it go down, the thrush often turns his back to it the better to see the widening of the shadows and the lights slip from tree-top and hill. For his eyes, like the nightingale's, are open to the beauties of the night as well as the splendour of the day, and he is not, with so many of his kind, overwhelmed by melancholy as the brightness fades. The nightingales flood the woods with songs which they cannot contain, the wild torrent of their melody subsiding suddenly as it began. But thrushes would seem possessed of an intense appreciation of sound—of the sounds that are in the air, of the ring of their neighbours' voices, and they pause continually to

listen as rapturously as they sing. Ever and again in their slow ecstatic music come the three bugle notes in an equal high-pitched key, the "Hark! hark! hark!" by which they ask for sympathy in their own delight as invariably as the nightingale by his emphatic "Jug! jug! jug!" announces that he has sung. The little goldcrest would seem to lift his voice simply to give outlet to the energy pent up in his diminutive person. When he comes bustling forth from an engulfing tuft of pine needles, cocks up the fiery plumes on his minute head, and opens his thread-like beak, one's principal sentiment is one of astonishment that this fraction of life can sing to all. But, beginning with his ear-piercing lowest note, he rapidly ascends to the top of the cadence, turning himself importantly from side to side the while, that all may know whom they have to thank for the finest tenor in the feathered choir.—ALICE BLUNDELL.